PUNCH OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI—WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 30 1950

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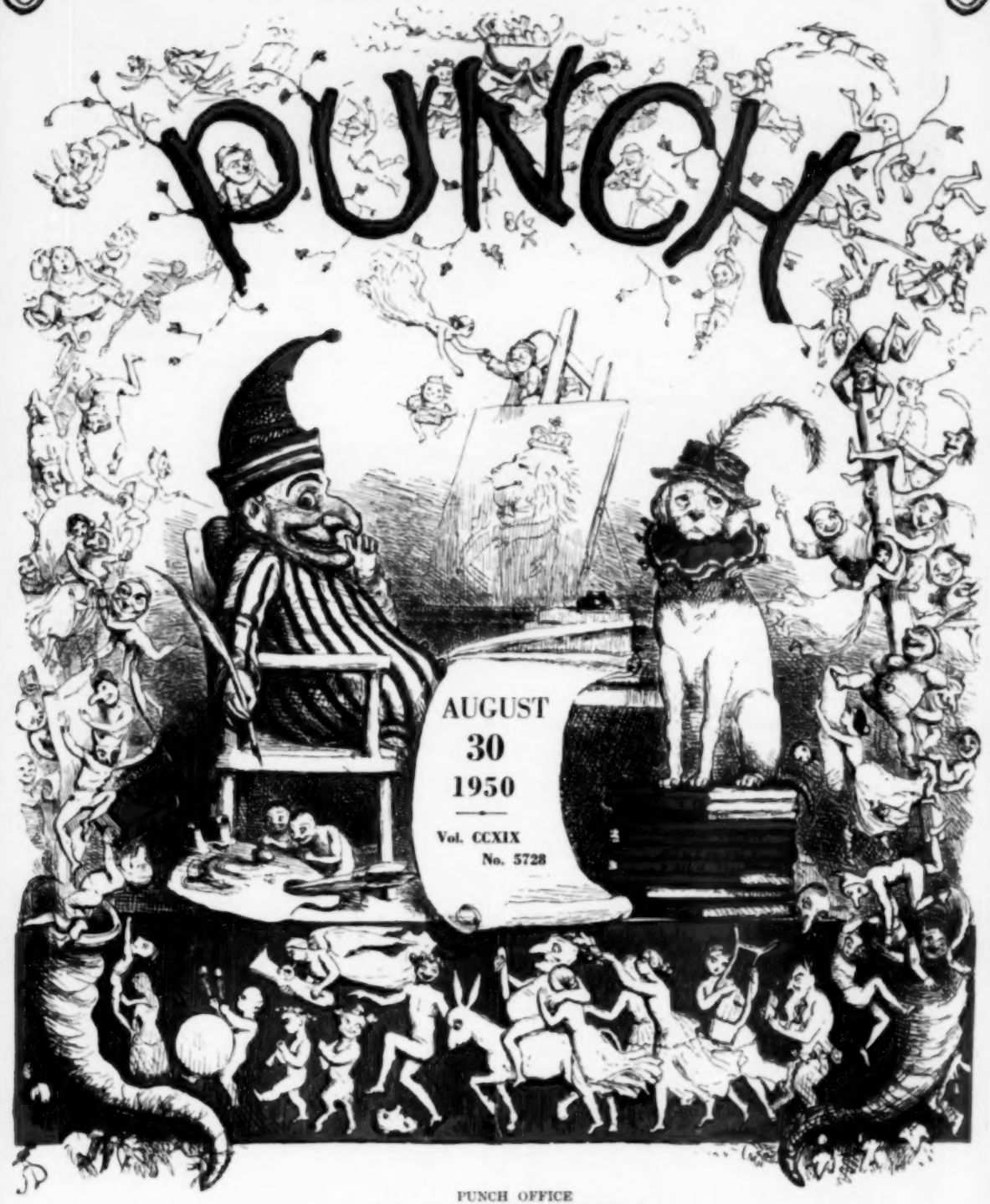
# PUNCH



AUGUST
30
1950

Vol. CCXIX
No. 5728

PUNCH OFFICE
10 BOUVERIE STREET LONDON E.C.4

*Gracefully modern—distinctly Wolseley...*

Those who have chosen wisely know they can depend upon their Wolseley to perform well, to be reliable and to do them credit by its graceful but unmistakably English appearance. When their Wolseley gives them all that they hoped for, but more generously than was expected, they naturally have a lasting confidence in this time-honoured name.

"Four Fifty": £550 plus £115.10.7 Purchase Tax.
"Six Eighty": £800 plus £167.8.4 Purchase Tax.

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*Overseas business: Nuffield Exports Ltd., Oxford and 41, Piccadilly, London, W.1. London Showrooms: Eustace Watkins Ltd., 12, Berkeley St., W.1*

*I'm made for men about town*

Here's a good shoe for the city—a K TOWN OXFORD that looks smart and stays comfortable. Made in black or brown, in a wide choice of fittings, with plain or punched toe-cap. Range includes smooth black Crup leather and black glace kid. From 49/9 to 65/-

*good shoes—K shoes*

To complete the pleasure...

*Player's Please*

PLAYER'S NAVY CUT CIGARETTES · MEDIUM OR MILD
[MOC 7351]

The tread design of John Bull tyres, evolved nearly twenty years ago, has never had to be basically altered—for it was sound at the outset.

- **Sound for long wear.**
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Its generous build, its robustness and the strength of its cord foundation ensure a real feeling of security throughout its long life and its road grip is especially evident when swerving or cornering. For your safety and satisfaction demand—

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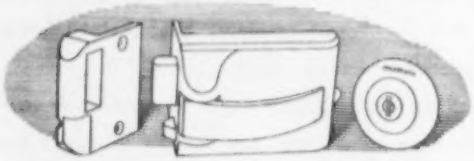
# Vitamins

More than two thousand years ago Hippocrates, the Father of Medicine, recorded that night-blindness could be cured by eating liver. The significance of this observation only became clear during the first decade of the present century through the researches of Sir Frederick Gowland Hopkins. He established the fact that the human diet must contain minute quantities of certain substances, known as vitamins, in addition to proteins, fats, carbohydrates, salts, and water. Knowledge of vitamins is still far from complete, but their general properties are now known.

Until chemical research began to reveal their true nature, vitamins were identified by letters of the alphabet. There are two important groups—A, D and E, soluble in fats, and B and C, soluble in water. Vitamin A, which prevents night-blindness, is found in cod-liver oil, butter and liver; vitamin B, in cereals and pulses, cures beri-beri; vitamin C, in fresh vegetables, prevents scurvy; vitamin D, also found in liver oils, protects against rickets. As important as the realisation that vitamins existed was the discovery that many of them could be made synthetically. British scientists played a leading role in this vital research. The British chemical industry now makes many tons of synthetic vitamins every year, and thus has a direct influence on the health of millions of people.

***He thought he'd thought of everything . . .***

*in the way of Security, yet the burglars walked in at the front door! Are you chancing the theft of irreplaceable possessions and the danger of violent attack by intruders? Don't take risks—take action. Fit Ingersoll High Security Locks. Every Insurance Company recommends them—the Police approve them—but burglars shun them! You should know more about the Ingersoll Lock and its unique Master-Key System—consult your Locksmith or write now for free copy of "Maximum Security."*



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*again available in limited quantities*

**Soleras of Worcester Cream steadily maturing in sunny Spain to the order of Dudfields Wine House, Worcester, and hitherto supplied only to an exclusive circle of connoisseurs, is now available to all lovers of good wine. Two bottles of Worcester Cream Sherry will be dispatched, post free, for cheque or postal order value 48/8d.**

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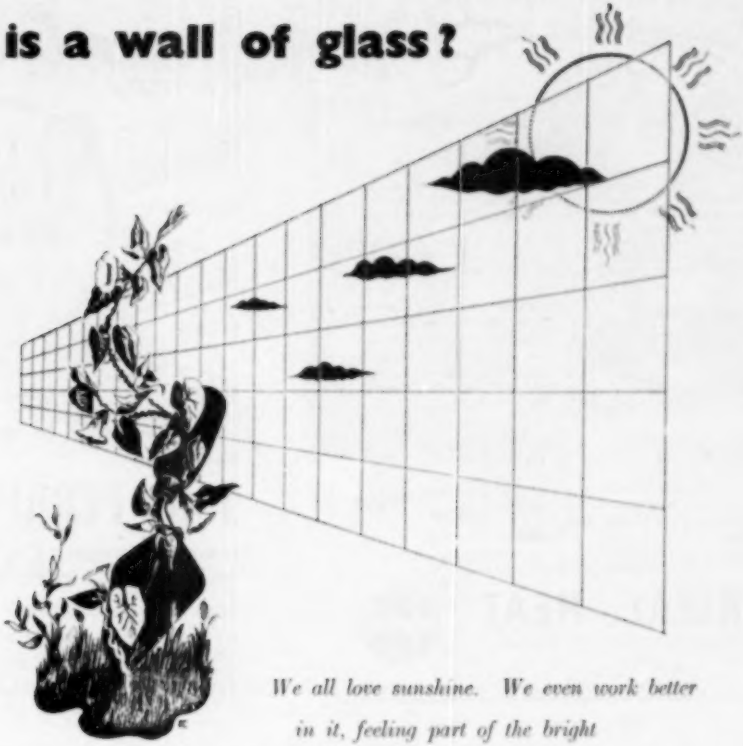
**BEA there and back**

BRITISH EUROPEAN AIRWAYS

# Why is a wall of glass?



*We all love sunshine. We even work better in it, feeling part of the bright world about us. That is why architects, who have more than a smattering of industrial psychology these days, build factories with walls of glass.*

*Of glass set in a web of fine aluminium bars called Aluminex. This is the patent glazing system that makes windows longer than the Queen Mary and vaster than football pitches.*

*They are putting Aluminex in steel mills, engineering works both light and heavy, into motor car factories, airports and art galleries from South Wales to the deep South (U.S.A.) and from Antwerp to Kuwait.*

*And you, Sir, are you involved in the planning of new buildings? If so, make a point of picking your Architect's brains about Aluminex. Or ours.*

**The Aluminex Division of WILLIAMS & WILLIAMS Limited**

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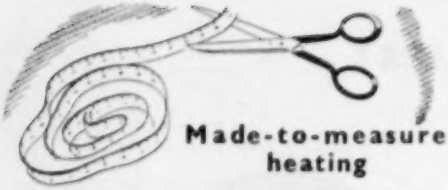

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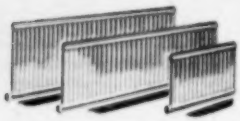
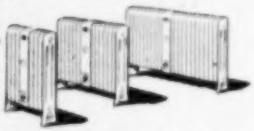
The special oil hermetically sealed in the Hurseal radiator transmits a completely clean and healthy background warmth. With automatic heat control you have the most economic and comfortable heating available today.



HURSEAL ELECTRIC RADIATORS. Floor or panel type (as illustrated) in various colours and sizes. The panel type is fitted to the wall (usually under a window) and greatly enhances the appearance of any room.



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HURSEAL PARAFFIN OPERATED RADIATOR. Similar in appearance to the gas radiator. Clean, compact and portable.

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*day-by-day ensure good health by*

*drinking* *this fine burgundy*

*order some* *to-day*

**KEYSTONE**
*AUSTRALIAN BURGUNDY*

Now only **11/6** a flagon and **5/9** a half flagon
6d. extra deposit (returnable) on both sizes

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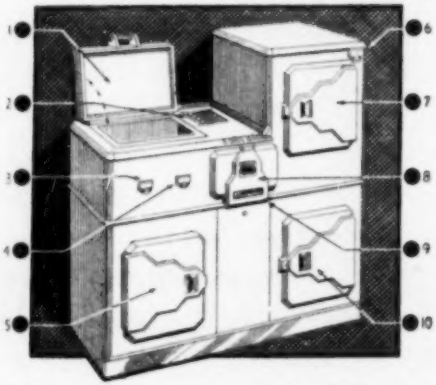
***The good wine that makes every meal a banquet***

Bottled and guaranteed by Stephen Smith & Co. Ltd., London, E.3. (8)

## THE 10 POINTS OF GOOD COOKING




*1, Rapid Boiling Hot-plate. 2, Simmer-plate. 3, Simmer-plate Control Dial. 4, Electronic Control Dial for Aux. Oven and Grill. 5, 200 deg. F. Oven. 6, Control Dial for Main Oven. 7, Main Roasting and Baking Oven, 300 to 500 deg. F. 8, Auxiliary Oven, 150 to 300 deg. F. 9, Radiant Grill. 10, 150 deg. F. Oven.*

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ELECTRIC HEAT STORAGE COOKER

The Thermolux brings you continuous and efficient cooking service, without the dust and trouble of solid fuel. The Thermolux is not affected by 'load-shedding' or 'cuts.' It brings labour-free pleasure to your cooking.

**Full details can be obtained from our Approved Agents throughout the country—who will also arrange a demonstration—or from THERMO-COOKERS, LTD., 77 GREAT PETER STREET, WESTMINSTER, LONDON, S.W.1. (Tel.: Whitehall 7233).**

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*the Greatest Name in Cotton*

For generations housewives have been proud to say their sheets, pillowcases and towels were made by HORROCKSES. The name commands respect in every woman's mind and shall ever stand for quality the world over.

**SHEETS · PILLOWCASES · TOWELS · DRESS GOODS · FURNISHINGS · ETC.**

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# Why 'Clydella' shirts are best for all schoolboys

'CLYDELLA' shirts are best for *all* schoolboys. Why? Because they're *pre-fitted*—that means sizes were decided after a careful study of the measurements of hundreds of schoolboys.

With 'Clydella', there are special fittings for tall and short boys and generous tucks and hems to allow for growth. Moreover, 'Clydella' shirts are very hard-wearing and wash *wonderfully* over and over again. Replacement collars are available. These shirts are backed by our famous pledge 'if it shrinks we replace'.

'Clydella' shirts and pyjamas are listed by the majority of leading preparatory and Public Schools as official garments. Supplies, unfortunately, are still rather limited.

## 'Clydella'

*IF IT SHRINKS WE REPLACE*

*SCHOOL SHIRTS AND PYJAMAS*

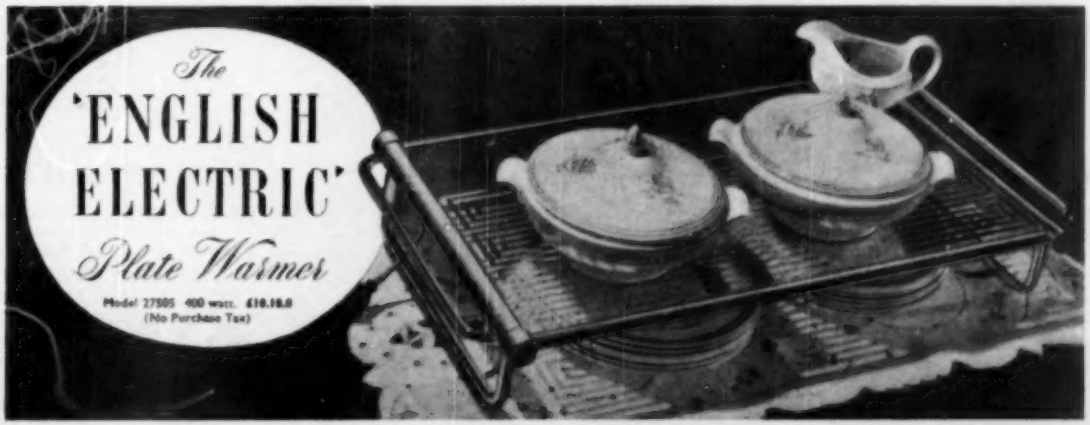
*Made by the makers of—*

'VIYELLA' and 'DAYELLA'

# *The gift to give pleasure all the year round*

For food perfectly served. For hot meals for late-comers. For piping hot second helpings. For hot coffee after dinner. For hot buffets.

For your greater pleasure and convenience. Gentle heat keeps the whole meal hot, but it will not damage the surface of your sideboard.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'ENGLISH ELECTRIC'
Plate Warmer
Model 27505 400 watt. £10.10.0
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Luxury Swim Pool, Tennis, Dancing, Premier Plays, Concerts and Celebrity Artists, Putting Greens, Bowls, Two Golf Links, Delightful Motoring Centre. High-class Cuisine and moderate terms.
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STOUT

—it's a matter of taste
Generally, stout has a slightly bitter taste. But Mackeson's mellow smoothness comes as a pleasing change to many who take a rich, reviving glass after the long day's housework is over.

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Also PINS, HAIR PINS, SAFETY PINS, NEEDLES, CURLERS, Etc
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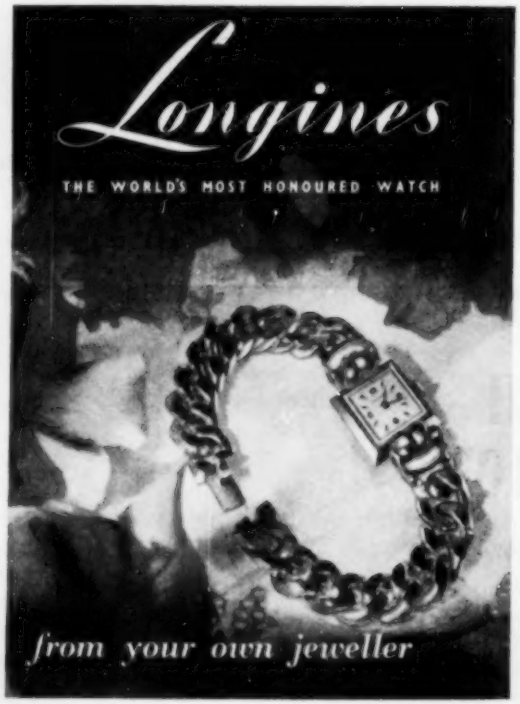
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WILL PREVENT
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—SEA, AIR, TRAIN & MOTOR—
1/6 for pack of 12 Tablets
Obtainable at all Chemists
Used successfully for HALF A CENTURY

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Party-time underwear every day—that's nothing—just nylon.
No ironing, no shrinking, no wearing thin—
what of it?—it's *nylon*.
No scrubbing, no rubbing, dry in the
morning—well of *course* . . . we've
*said* . . . they're made
of *nylon*.

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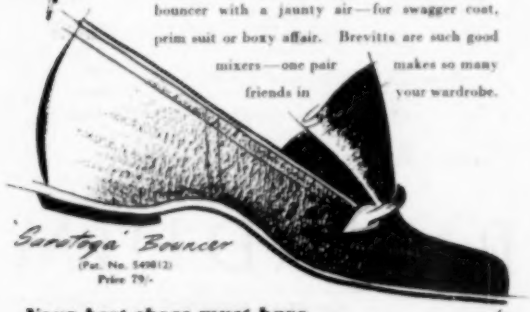
Nylon *British Nylon Spinners Ltd., Pontypool, Monmouthshire.*

*Brevitt - good companions to your wardrobe*

**Brevitt—always in top-to-toe fashion**
Fascinating shoe with a chichi look—rugged little bouncer with a jaunty air—for swagger coat, prim suit or boxy affair. Brevitts are such good mixers—one pair makes so many friends in your wardrobe.



'Saratoga' Bouncer
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Price 79/-

**Your best shoes must have**

*that Brevitt look*

*You must read "Your shoes and your clothes." Send for this fascinating, informative handbag sized booklet. Write to Brevitt Shoes Ltd., (Dept. Y.L.) 2-5, Old Bond St., London, W.1*

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TO

*Barker & Dobson*

CAMEO CHOCOLATES
REGAL FRUIT DROPS

BARKER & DOBSON LTD., LIVERPOOL. Founded 1834.

# Don't let *these eyes*...

## *become these*...

Your skill—and pleasure—at sport depend so *very* much on your eyes. Properly tended they will do much to help you to *enjoy life to the full*. If you have some minor trouble such as simple eye-strain or conjunctivitis, etc., use Optrex. It is so safe and so pleasant—and so medically approved. Keep a large bottle at hand for all the family. It is much better value.

*Buy and use the* Optrex Eye Bath. *Anatomically designed. It fits your eye—and fits the bottle.*

**Optrex** *the* **EYE LOTION**

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*The Occasion*...

calls for the right setting and the right setting for to-day's jewellery is Palladium.

Rarer than gold, with the radiant white colour of its sister metal platinum,

Palladium is the ideal setting for your diamonds and precious stones.

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PUNCH
OR
THE LONDON CHARIVARI

# CHARIVARIA

THE B.B.C. have ignored a Communist suggestion that Mr. Malik should be allowed to broadcast his point of view. And yet he seems an ideal choice for the "Talk Yourself out of This" programme.

"Last evening's Dublin Bay S.C. races, at Dun Laoghaire, were sailed in rough, squally conditions. One firefly capsized, and a 14 ft. helmsman (M. Appelby) fell overboard, but smartly climbed on board again."—*Irish Times*

These big fellows can always stand on the bottom.

The Soviet news agency, Tass, reports that two Russian parachutists jumped out of a training aircraft at two thousand six hundred feet above Minsk and continued rapidly upwards into the clouds, where they remained for forty minutes and two hours respectively. We may shortly expect an authoritative statement by Stalin on the correct Marxist attitude towards the so-called laws of gravity postulated by the decadent bourgeois scientists of the West.

**Life with Father**

"Mother's Help Required. Good Plain Cooing. £3 p.w., Live in."
*Provincial paper*

According to a film magazine three Hollywood stars have taken up gardening. It's as near as they're ever likely to get to working on a new plot.

A *Daily Telegraph* correspondent pleads with British Railways to provide name plates that can be easily read when trains flash through stations. Some passengers would be content with trains that flash through stations.

This dispute about the date of Parliament's recall could surely have been avoided if the Government had paired off with the Kremlin during the recess.

Multi-lingual announcements are to be made at Harwich railway station. This will surprise baffled travellers who had imagined the practice to have been general all along.

"Then she waded out 50 yards through the breakers, adjusted her rubber framed anti-glare goggles, and struck out through the waves.

A trawler carying he fiends and umpies chugged steadily behind her."—*Edinburgh paper*

That should have kept her going.

A circus visiting this country includes a dog which trundles a large barrel along with its four feet. There seems to be an idea here for St. Bernards.

# I ENCOMPASS THE GLOBE

"Nineteen-year-old Joan Thomas prefers life in the water. She has been swimming round the world from Ohio."

*"Daily Express"*

SHE is not the first. If during the week or more that I have been ashore since the end of my long swim I have remained silent about my travels it is because the notes from my log have not yet been properly sifted, edited and revised; and it was felt by my trainer that to invite the full glare of publicity during the actual journey would be harmful to a temperamental genius such as mine.

The project was not undertaken without due care. We calculated that there would be about twenty-five thousand miles to be swum at a rough average rate of twenty miles in fifteen hours. This would take us (again roughly) about nineteen thousand hours, and three years should allow us ample time for our task.

And so indeed it proved. Starting from St. Mary's in the Scilly Islands at the beginning of August 1947, I made my landfall, not without a certain sense of relief, at the same port about nine days ago. The route chosen after long and earnest debate was eastwards, and I was at first in favour of the more northerly passage. But my trainer pointed out that both political and climatic conditions beyond the North Cape would be against me. However much lard was employed to coat me there would be serious danger of icing-up before Nova Zembla, nor could we be certain of a clear passage after that point free from hostile natives, submarines and bears.

The full details of my itinerary will not be known until my book is published next spring, but a few points of interest may be mentioned here and now. I was naturally accompanied the whole way by my trainer, who used the good ship *Futtleworth* with a picked and always enthusiastic crew; when I needed sleep or refarding I was hauled aboard, but the utmost care had to be taken that I was not replaced in the water at any farther point than I had previously attained during my swim.

This of course meant that the ship had to steam about from side to side and take very exact scientific measurements of my progress; otherwise I should have felt that I was cheating, and little better than a cad.

Secondly it was agreed that when possible I should be allowed to sail. This I did by means of a particular type of closely woven umbrella which could be opened when conditions were favourable, and was fixed either to my shoulder blades or, when I was floating, to my chest.

I varied my methods considerably. Through the Bay of Biscay I employed the trudgeon stroke, floated through the greater part of the Mediterranean, the Suez Canal and the Red Sea, and coming down the coast of Africa, on my trainer's advice, fell back on the Kaffir crawl. At other times I took advantage of the Trade winds, or relied upon the assistance of a stray typhoon.

Shall I ever forget the heat of the Indian Ocean or the fear of grounding on some unexpected island in the Coral Sea? But, oh, the beauty of those southern waters and the sight of Ceylon rising from the waves! There were dangers, I admit, on the journey, as well as humorous incidents not a few—as for instance when the flying fish became entangled in my beard. Of sharks I was not greatly terrified, knowing that merely by kicking my feet these creatures could be kept easily at bay; but the swordfish was always a menace, and I was not wholly comfortable about whales.

Many of these animals feed almost entirely on plankton, as indeed I did myself, sifting it through my beard and finding it preferable on the whole to a monotonous diet of beef extract and orange juice. But were whales entirely planktivorous? I knew full well that the Cachalot frequented tropical and subtropical seas, and had an extremely long mandibular symphysis. Doubt as to what this might portend, together with childish memories of the Prophet Jonah, made me not a little nervous while I was swimming through schools of these monsters in full blow.

It was obvious also that any part of my passage taken in the interior of such a giant, even if I had the luck to be rejected before digestion, would have to be performed over again if I were to keep fairly to the terms of my proposition. Nor had I the least idea whether my coating of lard would be attractive or disagreeable to the Brobdignagian rovers of the deep.

There were times also when adverse winds or currents took me out of my course, or even drove me backwards, however hard I swam; and these portions of my journey had to be repeated when time and tide proved more favourable. It was a relief to be clear of the island-studded South Seas and well out into the wide Pacific as I headed for the Panama Canal. Day followed tranquil day, with little to think about save the albatross which hovered continually above my feet, and the pilot fish which preceded my goggles, or the myriads of highly coloured *medusæ* which passed under my university costume. Happy hours they were as I travelled with my umbrella hoisted before the gale and the *Futtleworth* chugging cheerfully some five hundred yards to the rear.

In the Canal itself I refused to interview reporters or to purchase mementoes of my voyage, just as I had at Port Said, nor would I consent to buy any postcards. Thankfully I said farewell to the tiresome locks when I had shown my visa at Colon and was able to set out into the calm waters of the Caribbean; I had but to pierce the tiresome circlet of islands that protect it and I was ready with a good heart to begin the last long reach of my homeward cruise, the rough but kindly Atlantic. The only menace that now remained was the possibility of drifting into the dread Sargasso Sea, where my footwork and armwork would be impeded by the veritable masses of clotted weed. Fortunately I avoided this peril.

I am glad to think that no woman has been before me in accomplishing this expedition, and still less any man. I am proud to be the first human being to have swum the globe and to claim the title, as I may justly do, of the twentieth-century Drake. EVOE

ANOTHER PARALLEL

# NOT FOR MY BEDSIDE TABLE

THERE are certain works to-day which must be read more as a duty than a recreation; the good citizen owes them his thoughtful attention, however grimly he has to steel himself to the facts between their covers.

Fresh from a bout of fact-facing more blood-curdling than any in my recollection I find myself in a position to deny the assertion, so often made by confirmed fact-facers, that a fact well faced loses its sting. This is rubbish, and if you want to argue with me you would first be well advised to steel yourself to the stark facts in Mr. W. A. G. Bradman's *Home Carpentry*, Foyles, 2*s.* 6*d.* Then, I fancy, you will come to me abjectly babbling of bodying and fadding and veneer crossbanding, of double-sided oilstones and that dread abomination, Cabinetmaker's Scratch; you will be eager to admit, I think, that such black secrets are better hidden.

For those who specialize in these matters the attitude can only be one of determined detachment. Study, for example, the picture of Mr. Bradman on the book's dust-jacket, hitting something with a mallet. His brow is unfurrowed, his shirt-sleeves neatly rolled, his hair well brushed, his left, or receiving, thumb tucked snugly out of mallet's range; no fringe of glued sawdust hangs from his ears, and his clothes are completely free of rust-marks, jagged splits and fresh blood. He wears a neat, dark pullover, and this is a matter of some frustration to me, as I should particularly have liked to see his braces; as it is I must be content with the description on page ten—"Carpenter's braces are made with 6, 8 or 10 inch sweeps and with or without ratchet movements." Mr. Bradman's, I am sure, would be with. He does not believe in stinting himself where equipment is concerned. (By the way, there is a useful tip on page 82. "The braces are always fixed so that their lower ends are at the hingeing side and are notched into the ledges so that the chamfers match up.")

I do not know what Mr. Bradman is hitting with his mallet; it looks rather like a screwdriver, and although a screwdriver is among the things that *I* would hit with a mallet (others being jammed window-sashes and plate-racks coming away from the wall) it seems unlikely in his case; my theory is that it is a kerf, or perhaps even a file tang; at any rate he seems to be driving it into a very beautiful piece of smooth wood, no doubt with rational intention. Presently I expect he will turn aside and mix a little beaumontage, a simple mixture of beeswax, crushed resin and shellac which he will heat up and pour into a V-shaped trough, tint with brown umber or red ochre and roll into a "pencil" with his hands; then he'll press the beaumontage against the tang and fill up the hole with it.

But I'm sorry—the horrid fascination of all this has run away with me somewhat, and I find I'm in the middle of staining. I don't know what your methods are for staining wood; mine are to buy a tin of stain and stain the wood with it; it is often possible, in the same operation, to stain most of the kitchen table, the ironing-board legs and your arms up to the elbow. However, there seems to be more to it than that; Mr. Bradman examines his piece of wood first, for nail-holes, cracks, knots and other blemishes, all of which have to be stopped; it is then that he has to know where to lay his hands on the beeswax, resin, shellac, file tang and V-shaped trough, articles which, in the ordinary course, would take me some time to assemble. Later he will make his own stain, with Vandyke crystals and ·880 strength ammonia or aniline powder with glue and vinegar (stir the mixture well and serve—sorry, use—warm).

Where is all this leading, you may ask? Do I mean to break gently the horrors of making a shed door? ("Many workers feel quite confident about tackling a shed, but are rather at a loss when faced with the problem of making a door.") Or introduce you to the humiliating intimacies of mitred joints? ("Brush glue along the mitres and also all over the tongue. Slip the tongue into one groove and see that it projects at both ends.") No. I am just wondering if I should have made a better job of the swing seat—my latest piece of home carpentry—if I had first made myself a work-bench. Perhaps so. Every home carpenter worth the name should have a work-bench; it is

simply a matter of a certain amount of suitably-sized timber, supported, held together and otherwise equipped with butt-joints, loose-tongues, open tenons, dowel rods, haunch-tenons, drawer runners, bolts, screws, cramps and glue—with a candle-end to rub on the wood-screws.

In his short article on the work-bench Mr. Bradman exposes, inadvertently or otherwise, what I can only describe as a quick-getaway complex, and seems obsessed with the notion that at any moment he may have to dismantle his work-bench and run; in his first outline he recommends this particular form of work-bench because it can be "easily dismantled and packed flat for removal." Of the tool-drawers he says "be sure to arrange them so that they can be quickly dismantled, otherwise the facility of being able to easily take the whole bench to pieces will be impaired"; even the idea of rubbing a candle-end on the wood-screws has the same purpose, as they can then "be easily removed if the bench has to be dismantled at a later date." There is no explanation of this—unless some sixth sense has suggested to the writer that people like me, nerves strained to breaking-point by the grim matters of which he treats with such infuriating detachment, will be surging round his shed-door one night, lynching mad.

I should just like to conclude, if I may, with an appeal to Mr. Bradman to tell me where I went wrong over the swing seat; actually it was a whole swing I made, but the seat is the only part with any real relation to carpentry; the directions for the operation would run something like this:

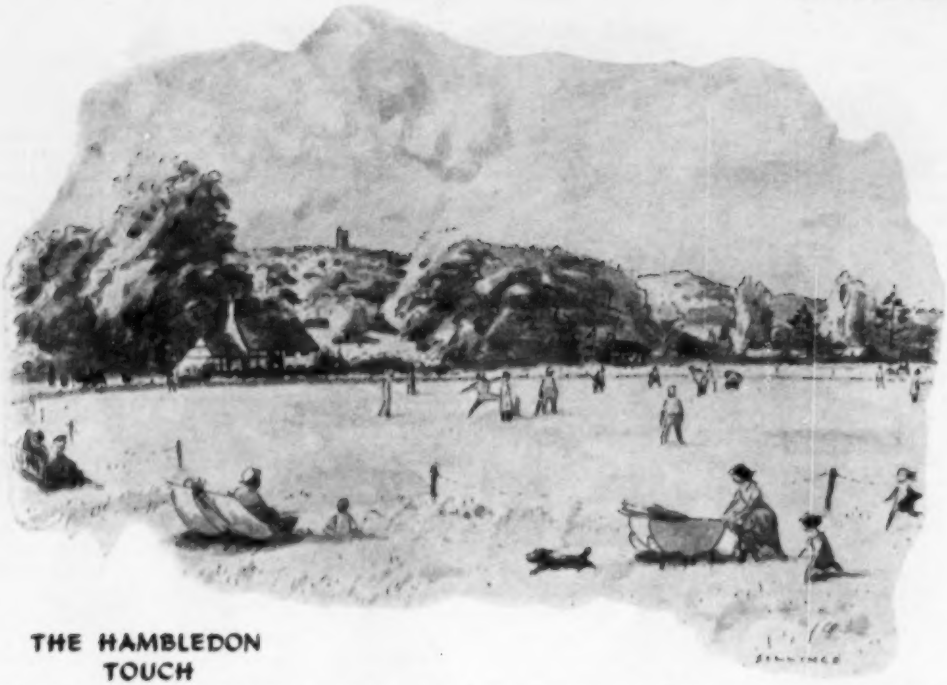
*To make a simple Garden Swing Seat.*

*Ropes being fixed to a pear-tree branch so that each hangs to within approximately the same distance from the ground, find a piece of wood exactly the size required. Heat a poker over the gas-ring and burn holes at each end of the piece of wood (which surprisingly has faded wallpaper on the other side). If the poker cools before it is through the wood, heat it again; if it again cools before it is through the wood, heat it again; if it again cools before it is through the wood, put the whole thing back in the coalhouse and go round and ask the people next door if your children can use their swing.*

But the whole business is horrible. J. B. BOOTHROYD

"The outdoors shooting season is now in full swing, and in the coming weeks a great deal of time will be spent crouched over television sets that should be employed in washing dishes or mowing the lawn."—*Observer*

Where can we get one of those?



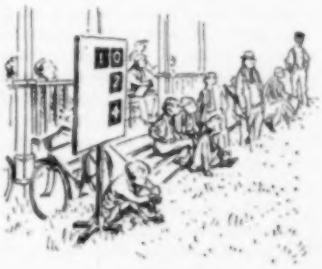
## THE HAMBLEDON TOUCH

IN 1948, at the close of his last triumphant tour of his English stamping-grounds, Don Bradman told us what was wrong with our cricket. He said that we were not making the most of our rich natural resources, that our thousands of keen and gifted "Saturday afternoon" cricketers were denied the opportunity of graduating to greatness because they were condemned to play on poor pitches. We needed pitches on which the ball would come through at a predictable height and would break only when charged with finger-spin. We needed concrete pitches like those found in every Australian park.

Now Sir Donald's statement was, in a way, a pretty compliment to village cricket, though it only confirmed what our village cricketers had always suspected. And it had interesting repercussions. Many clubs invested immediately in bags of cement and loads of rubble; players bought new boots, bats and braces and began to take the game very seriously. At the beginning of the 1949 season it seemed that half the Weald was fighting for a place in the Test team, and for a few weeks, while batsmen padded up to every ball and struggled to avoid a crooked bat, scoring was staggeringly low. Even our most renowned hitters failed consistently, and Elsworth, the "Lion of Cheapfold," who had never previously worn either pads or batting-gloves, was ignominiously l.b.w. three innings running.

I particularly remember our home game with Hartwood Common—always a keen side. When I arrived at the Green shortly after three o'clock I was astonished to find our opponents all present and flannelled although the match was not scheduled to start until two-thirty. Talk about enthusiasm! We batted first and Tickner opened from the compost end. But this was a new Tickner: for years he had hurled his fast long-hops with deadly accuracy, scattering batsmen and stumps at will; now he seemed to spend most of his abundant energy trying to impart lustre to a ball that had already seen service in five matches. For six overs he bowled medium pace in-swingers (or so he said) and was then taken off for the first time in three years.

It was in this same match that a Hartwood batsman appealed against the length of the pitch, claiming that it was substantially less than the twenty-two yards prescribed in the Marylebone rules. A tape-measure was produced, unravelled and mended, and the umpires went down on their knees. Later, when we examined the old crease-marks and patches of renewed turf, we realized that a discrepancy of two yards had remained



undetected for at least a year and possibly since the club's foundation.

There were other unpleasant incidents—many of them—before the men of the Weald forgot Sir Donald's words, abandoned their pursuit of Test honours and reverted to real village cricket.

What is *real* village cricket? Well, chronometrically it is much more than Saturday afternoon cricket. Village cricket begins at dawn every Saturday with the steady thrumming of finger-tips against barometers—

"I reckon that's put paid to it for to-day," says Long-stop. "Glass is tumblin': it'll rain buckets, drat it!"

"Then you'll not be wantin' your trousers ironed for once," says his wife. "A good thing, too: I'll be able to get on with my proper work."

"Trousers? No, won't be needed. Leastways, not unless it clears up. It'll take a lot of wet to spoil the pitch. Bone hard, she was, last night; just right for a few bumpers. Wouldn't do no harm to have my flannels ready just in case. Be a good girl and run your iron over 'em. And get Jackie to dab a bit of whitening on my boots. . . ."

—and the game isn't really finished until late on Saturday night, when the landlord of "The Crown" has counted out the last of his cud-chewing customers.

The hours of actual play in village cricket are governed by natural laws and local by-laws. Play begins when the midday meal has been satisfactorily digested or when the inn closes down for its siesta—whichever is the later; the tea interval occurs when the captain's wife announces that the kettle is boiling and lasts until someone volunteers to stand umpire in place of Old Phil, who has suddenly remembered a promise to take his missus to the movies; the game ends when the last wicket has fallen or when the licensing laws make further refreshments available.

The teas, I regret to say, are not up to much. Before the war captains were often appointed on the strength of their wives' skill with a sponge mixture or a sandwich salad; now our provisions are the weekly stock-in-trade and unsaleable returns of the local confectioner. We buy cheaply and sell at a huge profit, and the funds so procured help to keep the club's head just above the waters of insolvency. But I doubt whether Bradman himself would get many runs after an intake of one of our Chelsea buns.

You see? Excuses, always excuses. There, to my mind, you have the essential charm of village cricket. Failures with bat or ball count for nothing: they are so easily explained away. In Test, county, league and club cricket, pitches are good, umpires are neutral, bats are sound and there is little distraction behind the bowler's arm. But in village cricket the pitches are either sporting or unsporting, umpires are either yes-men or no-men, bats are like hunks of Gruyère, and the zone immediately behind the bowler's arm is always infested with dogs, cats, cattle, children, cars, trees and dark mounds of cumulus cloud.

We do not, of course, suffer from barracking. Most of our spectators have at one time or another been called upon to fill a last-minute vacancy in the team and know that they may be called upon again; and the rest of the onlookers are either "foreigners" cooped up in their smart cars or ancients who can only mumble ineffectually through their beards. Yet we can never relax: we must at all times contrive to look picturesque and enthusiastic, true heirs of the Hambledon and Conduit Fields tradition, for at all times we must be ready to face the cameras of roving Press photographers ("Forever England! On Saturday our cameraman visited the lovely hamlet of Scronge and found another 'Test' in progress. The church in the background is a beautiful example of Norman architecture. It was built in 1135") and withstand the scrutiny of the romantic school of cricket writers (". . . and suddenly as I emerged from the deep shadows of the ancient almshouses of Scronge a merry sound welled up from the meadows and soared above the flaming copper beeches. It was the sweet noise of bat on ball, of willow on leather. I picked up my skirts and ran, pell-mell, for the village green . . .")

At times our responsibilities are very trying.

I may be allowed to add, in conclusion, that Scronge was not one of the Wealden villages to invest in a concrete pitch. The idea was certainly mooted most energetically, and George Stamps, left-hand No. 5 batsman and local building contractor, submitted an uninvited tender; but in the end the scheme was scotched by a carefully-worded memorandum from our scorer, Alec Welling. This pointed out that a concrete pitch would disturb the equilibrium between bat and ball, encourage "safety first" batting, lengthen hours of play and *ipso facto* reduce the time devoted to "The Crown," penalize bowlers, drive Tickner our demon trundler into the arms of our Heddingfold rivals, and cost as near twenty pounds as dammit. It also demonstrated that a club with a natural wicket would (in its home games) enjoy a considerable advantage over teams used to playing on concrete pitches, and might therefore be expected to win at least half its matches—which was something Scronge had never managed to do in all its long history.

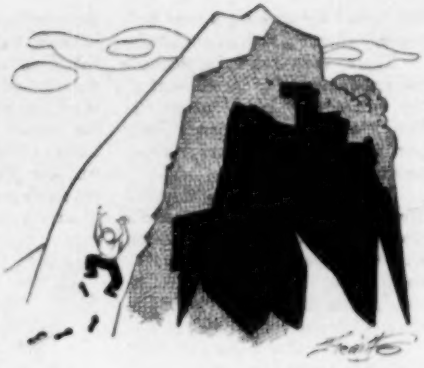
BERNARD HOLLOWOOD

# AT THE PICTURES

*Sunset Boulevard—The White Tower*

MISS GLORIA SWANSON'S performance in *Sunset Boulevard* (Director: BILLY WILDER) takes her at one bound into the class of Boris Karloff and Tod Slaughter. There is nothing unkind or condescending about such a judgment; the forgotten but still ambitious actress of the silent screen about whom this rather melodramatic story is woven is, by intention, a grotesque, and Miss SWANSON, with considerable skill, gives her all the grotesquerie she can raise. But, with due respect, this is no touchstone of great acting; there are a dozen actors who could win renown as Frankenstein's monster for every one who can give a convincing performance of Nathaniel Jeffcote.

The story, clearly designed and built as a vehicle for this new Miss SWANSON, turns out a little on the squalid side. It is in essence a triangle, of which the three sides are Miss SWANSON as the forgotten star, WILLIAM HOLDEN as her gigolo, and a charming new actress, NANCY OLSON, as the young woman who wants to team up with WILLIAM HOLDEN both in the office and in the home. The old lady's wealth wins, but to placate the Hollywood censors it is subsequently necessary for the young man to be shot and the old lady led away to, presumably, a criminal lunatic asylum. If all this should sound intolerably sombre I hasten to reassure you that it is presented with great skill, that a little poltergeist of wit lightens the gloom with occasional manifestations, and that WILLIAM HOLDEN's performance in particular is excellent, though he so blinds us with charm that we are inclined to overlook his equivocal position. Fans of the silent screen can have fun recognizing BUSTER KEATON, ANNA Q. NILSSON and others who make rather macabre appearances as their ageing selves. Incidentally, much of the sound-track is given over to an "interior monologue" in the voice of Mr. HOLDEN, which continues, astonishingly, long after we have seen him killed—an original but hardly justifiable device.



[*The White Tower*

**Piece of Cake**
*Martin Ordway*—GLENN FORD

It is a commonly observed phenomenon that mountains move to philosophy those who contemplate them. Of the party of six who climb the eponymous mountain in *The White Tower* (Director: TED TETZLAFF) only two are doing so for what might be considered a normal reason—Andreas, the guide, because he is getting paid for it, and Martin Ordway, the young American, because he enjoys it. The other four have to mix motives with their mountaineering, and when they do so they are, quite frankly, tedious.

Luckily, however, their philosophy has for the most part the effect of spurring them on to further efforts; and when the film is concerned with mountaineering as such it is splendid. True, there are loose ends to the story that do not bear close examination; it is hardly likely, for instance, that a mountain never before climbed would yield so easily to a haphazardly-assembled party, most of whom seem to have had little experience and no training. Nevertheless, the climbing sequences are wonderfully exciting, and the mountain photography in Technicolor—indeed, all the photography—is excellent. The carefully contrasted types are all tolerably well presented; but the mountain is the star.

[*Sunset Boulevard*

**Cup of Tea**
*Max*—ERICH VON STROHEIM; *Norma Desmond*—GLORIA SWANSON

* * * * *

**Survey**

(Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews)

Best of the week's releases is Hitchcock's *Stage Fright* (7/6/50), in which the old maestro is right back in his old form. *Winchester '73* (19/7/50), also released this week, is a Western which presents the conventional formulæ with considerable competence. At the Cameo-Polytechnic is *Monsieur la Souris* (30/4/47), a comedy thriller combining the ingenuity of Simenon with the matchless talent of Raimu.

B. A. YOUNG

## DUCKS

I CAN teach my ducks to do anything in three days. What I mean is that supposing I want them to sleep in a new duck house, the first evening is pandemonium, and it may take me anything up to an hour to induce them to go to bed. On the second day they will be difficult but not impossible, and five minutes ought to do the job, and on the third evening they will walk in immediately I appear. On the fourth night I shall find that they have gone in of their own accord.

We decided, because of a local drought, that we had better leave the water in the bath overnight (my bath is the last bath). So we began at the beginning of the week. Or rather, we didn't. I pulled the plug out just as usual and retired to bed in the normal manner on Monday.

On Tuesday, too, I pulled the plug out, but remembered when I was drying my ears and put it back again. I pulled it out once more when I was tidying up the bathroom, and by that time there was nothing left worth saving.

So we made a clean start on Wednesday. I decided to watch myself. For when we discussed it at the breakfast table it became apparent that *I knew nothing whatever about my bath*. There was proof enough that each night I ate an apple, read a chapter of my book and emerged clean; but no one could tell in what order any of the events took place.

I made some interesting discoveries. It appears that each night I have no little difficulty in manœuvring myself into the correct position so that I can keep my hands dry for the book, and it is skilful work balancing the apple on a corner of the soap dish where it will not become contaminated. I always have a second fillip of hot water before I begin washing, and I wash from the top downwards, excluding the face. In fact on Wednesday night I was so busy trying to discover at what point I wash my face that I forgot all about the plug until far too late.

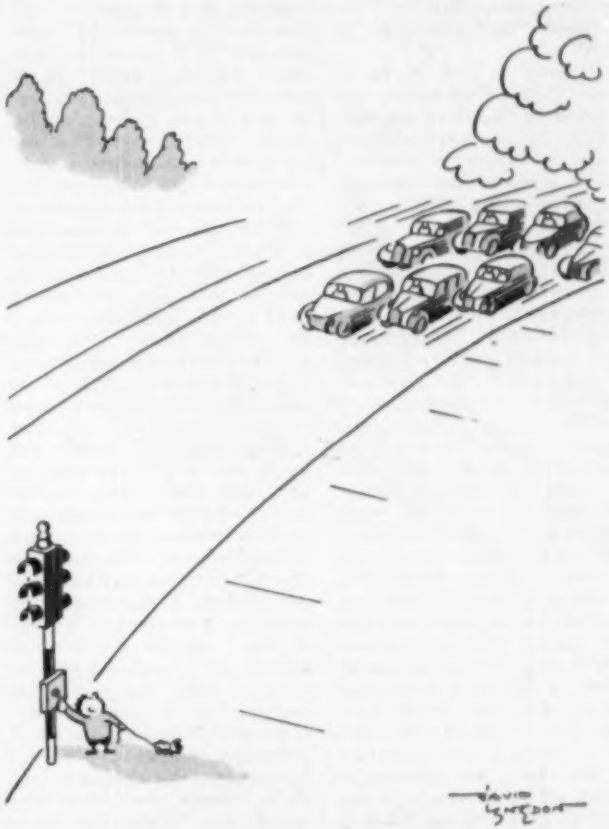
On Thursday I made an even greater effort of concentration *and caught myself in the very act*. It was most impressive. After aiming the core more or less successfully at the place I want it to reach I revert to a sitting position and wash my face. Then I squeeze three spongefuls of warm water down my back *and it is the very next moment that I lean forward and pull out the plug*. An exhilarating discovery. I hummed excitedly as I dried and resisted three impulses to let the water out of the bath. I forgot my shoes and came back later for them, and sleepily retrieved the core from the corner of the room and pulled out the plug.

On Friday I went to a great deal of trouble. Before getting into the bath I made a kind of obstruction round the chain with a tooth-mug, two flannels and the loofah. Excepting that I broke the mug it worked admirably. Try as I would, having washed my face, I could not pull the plug out. It was when I broke the mug that I remembered and ceased hostilities. I dried myself very cheerfully, convinced that the battle was almost won, and then I tidied up the bathroom. I collected up the bits of mug and untied the loofah and the flannels. And then, absent-mindedly, I let the water run away and went very happily to bed.

On Saturday we were very late so I decided not to bother.

I don't have a bath on Sundays.

That makes my first week. I have three degrees and am a member of five important societies. The ducks, so far as I know, have no letters after their name.



# THE COSMIC MESS

*The Column they cannot buy—cheaply*

ONE of the discouraging features of the mess at the moment is that words like "logistics" are popping up again. This means, it seems, what used to be called "Q", or Quartermaster-General's work. This column had ignorantly supposed that it was a recent invention, of the same vintage as "deratization". But the word is found twice in the *Oxford English Dictionary*, with two different derivations: and is elderly if not venerable. One "logistic", says the great book, comes from λόγος, reckoning, account, reason, and means "(2) pertaining to reckoning or calculation". "Oh, that's it!" said this column, wisely, and only by chance did it pass on to "Logistics" on the next page, which comes, they say, from the French "*loger*", to lodge or quarter.

Far back in 1879 R. Taylor wrote: "I have written of him (Johnston) as a master of logistics". In 1898 the *Athenæum* explained the thing: "Strategy is the art of handling troops in the theatre of war; tactics that of handling them on the field of battle . . . The French have a third process, which they call logistics, the art of moving and quartering troops, i.e. quartermaster-general's work".

In other words "Bed and Breakfast". But that, you will say, leaves out "moving". Well, so does "logistics", being strictly concerned with "lodging" only. This column loves the French, but it sees no reason why it should use all their bad words. It was the French, they say, who gave the world "*dératisation*". Though paper is short, expert military commentators, this column suggests, should avoid "problems of logistics" and say "problems of movement and supply" instead. Then we ignorant boobs would know what they meant. Indeed, in this island of reluctant soldiers, most men would know what they meant if they said "Q". Anyhow, next time they see the word the uncountable readers will know what it is supposed to mean. If the *O.E.D.* is right the "g", presumably, should be soft. Personally, this column would not use the word if the enemy was at the gates, and it had no rations.

* * * * *

It was the French, it seems, who gave us that good old bit of English slang "To sack—to get the sack", etc. Why does this mean "dismiss"? The good Partridge in his *Dictionary of Slang* gives no explanation. But the *O.E.D.* says: "The phrase has been current in French from the seventeenth century: *cf.* '*On luy a donné son sac*, hee hath his pasport given him' (said of a servant whom his master hath put away)".

* * * * *

It seems ("touch wood!") a pleasantly long time since we had that rush of spectacular bank-robberies and "smash-and-grab-raids" on jewellery shops. But the petty burglaries in private houses go on: and these are even more disgusting. Recently there have been six or seven in this column's neighbourhood, all in humble homes. Not that we have any rich hereabouts: but there are some who insure their little bits of jewellery and clothing, and some who don't, not thinking, perhaps, that any fellow-citizen could be beast enough to come in and take an old suit, a wedding-ring, two presentation brooches and a pair of cuff-links. That is one thing. The other thing is that these creeping brutes put the neighbourhood in fear and spoil its sleep, and grown men and women start up alert every time a floor creaks or a window bangs. We are inclined to be superior about the laws of the eighteenth century—the days of the *Beggar's Opera*: but there was something in them. They were especially severe about two things—"putting in fear" on the highway and burglary in a dwelling-house, because, no doubt, that was another and gross form of "putting in fear". If you stole from a dwelling-house, in daylight, property to the value of forty shillings you could be hanged. Juries, though, were often more merciful than the law. Jane Adams (in 1732) was indicted for stealing a "Crape Gown and Petticoat, value 20*s*., a Satin Gown and Petticoat, 40*s*., a Camblet Cloak, value 20*s*.", and other things in a dwelling-house. The chivalrous jury found her guilty to the value of 39*s*. only: so she was transported and not hanged.

But if you put people "in fear on the highway", or if you "broke, entered and stole" in a dwelling-house by night (that is, burgled), values were no matter and the jury could not save you. Ebenezer Dun was hanged for breaking and entering "the House of Sarah Loyzada, and stealing 4 pewter-dishes, a Stew Pan, a Sauce Pan, and a Coffee-pot about the Hour of One in the Night". There are far too many Sarah Loyzadas who sleep unsoundly because of Ebenezer Duns: and this column would like to hang a Dun or two. It hastens to add that this is NOT the policy of His Majesty's Government nor, it supposes, of this journal. But if a column can't have a policy of its own, "what are we fighting for"?

* * * * *

The uncountable and attractive readers may remember a learned discussion in this column about Latin in Acts of Parliament. The Solicitor-General had said: "Unless I am misinformed, there is an Act of George II which says that we must not use Latin terms in an English Act of Parliament . . ." This column observed that the Act (of 1731) referred to was about Latin in the Courts, not in Acts of Parliament. An industrious lady, to whom our salutes, now writes to say that the Act of 1731, she finds, was repealed by the Civil Procedure Acts Repeal Act, 1879. So nobody, it seems, need worry. Latin is no crime anywhere.

A. P. H.

"Yorkshire miners have instructed their officials to ask the National Miners' Union National Executive to press, through the Labour Party, for payment of post-war credits at 60s. . . .

An N.U.M. branch official told me that he expected other unions to follow the N.U.M. lead. 'As usual we are first in the queue,' he added.

"*Yorkshire Evening News*"

That's what *they* think.

*"Sorry, sir, you're not allowed to moor here."*

# FIRST GLIMPSES OF ANCIENT ROME

ANY modern child who got caught up in a time machine and hurled back into the Ancient World would feel quite at home in a Roman house and soon begin tinkering with the hypocaust: the Latin text-books schools use now are filled with pictures of homes and markets and temples. In my day we were trained only in military operations. It was the view of my prep school that for years ahead we should be reading nothing but Cæsar, so they started us off on the kind of Latin that would be useful in a tight corner in Gaul. The vocabularies we learned for practising new conjugations and declensions gave an odd picture of Roman life.

The basic activities of the Romans appeared to be Loving, Warning, Ruling and Hearing. The psychological theory behind this selection seems mixed. Freudians, I suppose, would agree with putting Amo in the first place. Adlerians would certainly not be content with putting Rego third. Jungians believe that dreams can bring warnings so might admit Moneo. We met the verb To Have only as an imitator of the verb To Warn, and the verb To Be, which was regarded as misleadingly irregular, we did not meet at all.

The first noun we learned, our introduction to Classical Civilization, was a table. It turned out to be a bad choice, as they could not easily work it into the military subject-matter of the exercises. A sand-table would have been more manageable. Usually the table was just a love-object, the cause of inexplicable passions in sailors, poets and eagles. The first declension was rather short of soldiery, and we worked mainly with Galba, one of Cæsar's staff officers, though there was not much he could do. The verb To Give, though irregular by strict standards, was sufficiently like the earlier stretches of Amo for them to pass it off on us; we were not critical. This allowed an orgy of generosity. Sailors gave arrows to eagles; poets gave tables to Galba; eagles gave gates to sailors. It was a heart-warming introduction to Roman manners.

This Utopia did not last long. With the Second Declension we entered a world of masters, boys, lords, slaves and war. Labienus now took over some of the burden from Galba, though the C. in C. himself had to wait in the wings. With the Second Conjugation the Romans were able to see and no longer had to accept gifts without scrutiny. Previously there must have been a strong temptation to slip one over on a poet by giving him an eagle and telling him it was a table. Warfare consisted largely of armour-bearers, who were sometimes sons-in-law and sometimes fathers-in-law, but were always well provided with arrows. Tables died out, after starting off so strongly, and I do not think we ever met them again.

The exercises really got going with the Third Declension, when Cæsar presided over a world of soldiers, lines of march, leaders, enemies, hostages and rivers. The other two declensions were an anticlimax, contributing merely lines of battle, armies, days and hope. Ancient Rome had few animals. I can remember only eagles and sheep. Eagles attacked sheep,

which gave us a little drama and kept our attention directed to aggression. When not victims, sheep were used only for occasional gifts to judges. There were no dogs, cats, lions or geese. Horses were used only for cavalry.

Any keen reader of *The Gallic War* will remember Cæsar's fondness for verbs with prepositions stuck on the front and all meaning much the same. Our Latin course was so systematic it had to omit these. We did the parts of speech as much as possible in order. We ploughed steadily through all the bits of a Latin verb before prepositions were dealt with. I still feel cheated over supines. They never told us how small a part they played in Roman life, and as they were short and easy to learn we wrongly felt we had mastered something useful. I never reached the top form, where they did Roman interjections.

When I compare the bleak, military landscape of Rome with the smiling land of France as revealed by M. Bué's *First French Book* I am not surprised I became a Francophile. I had not been at school a fortnight before I was learning that the marchioness had a godchild. We were being groomed to read Proust, not Cæsar. Brothers had owls. A pupil gave some water and some meat to Charles's sister. Lewis was as clever, as amiable and as young as George. It was a civilized country and I warmed to it. I refused to believe that it had any connection with Gaul or with war. For years I thought that Napoleon was a Roman. (Our History stopped at the Assize of Novel Disseisin.) He could much more easily be imagined sending lieutenants on missions or giving orders to cavalry, sailors and even poets, than eating bread, butter and cheese under a hedge, together with a bunch of mixed relations and an owl.

I sometimes daydreamed at my carved and creaking desk, imagining that by the ill-wish of an enchanter I was back among the Romans. I walked by the side of a river, not enjoying the view but assessing it as an obstacle to a column of march. High above flew an eagle, carrying an arrow in its beak and swooping to transfix a sheep with it. Lieutenant Labienus sped by on a horse to cover a couple of hundred miles with a message to the Nervii and knowing that on his return he would immediately be dispatched on another long, long ride. An enemy led a hostage, jeering that he would soon be a slave under a stern master. The hostage glared sullenly. As one of the Belgae he lived in the First Declension and did not know what a hostage was. Galba, conscious of his seniority to Cæsar, talked to him about what the line of battle would do at noon on the second day. Cæsar pointed to a net and wanted to say "What is that thing?" but, as "res" did not mean "thing" and nothing else did, he had to change his mind and say something else—a frequent difficulty when talking Latin. The longer I stayed in my daydream the hungrier I got. Romans did not eat, which was probably due to there being no food. So having given Rome an honest chance I would turn my thought to La Belle France, where tables were used for eating, not barter, and there was wine and meat and sunshine and people laughed.

R. G. G. Price

## BACK ROOM JOYS

### SHELLING PEAS

HIGH among things that please
Stands shelling peas—
The deft insertion of the thumb,
The seeing-what-a-lot-come,
The rattle in the bowl
When a packed pod comes out whole;
The half-squeak, half crunch
When we pick up another bunch;
The freshness of the green;
And results that can be seen.
There's a little surreptitious plunder,
And *always* that comic blunder
Of putting some peas in the shells and a
shell in the peas;
Even more than these
There's soothing monotony,
Companionship—"You still got any?"—
And the quiet rhythm of a simple domestic
task.
What more can we ask?

Justin Richardson

2

It chanced one day that as they lay all in the Bay of
Biscay, O!
one of these fine young gentlemen, as such young
varmints will
(for midshipmen were now and then as saucy imps as
frisky, O!)
it chanced, I say, that on this day one upped and said
to Bill:
"Pray, Sweet," said he, "pray show to me the way to
tie a *Granny Knot!*"
Our William reached for his rope's end—and then his
hand was still.
*A Granny Knot, a Granny Knot, that simple but un-*
*canny knot,*
*he had forgot the Granny Knot, Dear Hearts, alas for Bill!*

## WILLIAM

O ONCE there was a
all the Seven Seas
he was a tarry shellback
and few could dance
*Hornpipe, a hornpipe,*
*O who could dance a hor*
*in all the Fleet*
*than William Sw*
*when Rodney put to sea!*
*For Susan, Black-ey*
*Fancy, O,*
*and they had tied the Wed*

* *

Now William was a ma
and Splices, O!
His Hawser Bends an
his cunning Selvagees,
his Lark Boat Knots
Turk 's Heads, and Mat
won every sailorman
throughout the Seven S
and he would teach (
Lord Rodney 's fine you
the Bowline and the
the Clove Hitch and th
the Necklace Tie, the
the Frog, the Toggled S
and bade them tie th
to their especial grief:
*for he taught them hit*
*in the good old way, u*
*Lord Rodney's fine youn*
*their grief.*

He tied it at the Yard
*For he had tied a G*
*canny knot:*
*A hornpipe, a hornp*
*He lives upon his F*
*Susan, O!*

## M WEET, A.B.

or, an able-bodied seaman,
e familiar to he:
hairy-chested he-man,
rnpipe like William, A.B.
*ornpipe with heel-and-toe!*
*e with more agilitee*

*usan, was his Delight and*

*Knot ere Rodney put to sea!*

* *

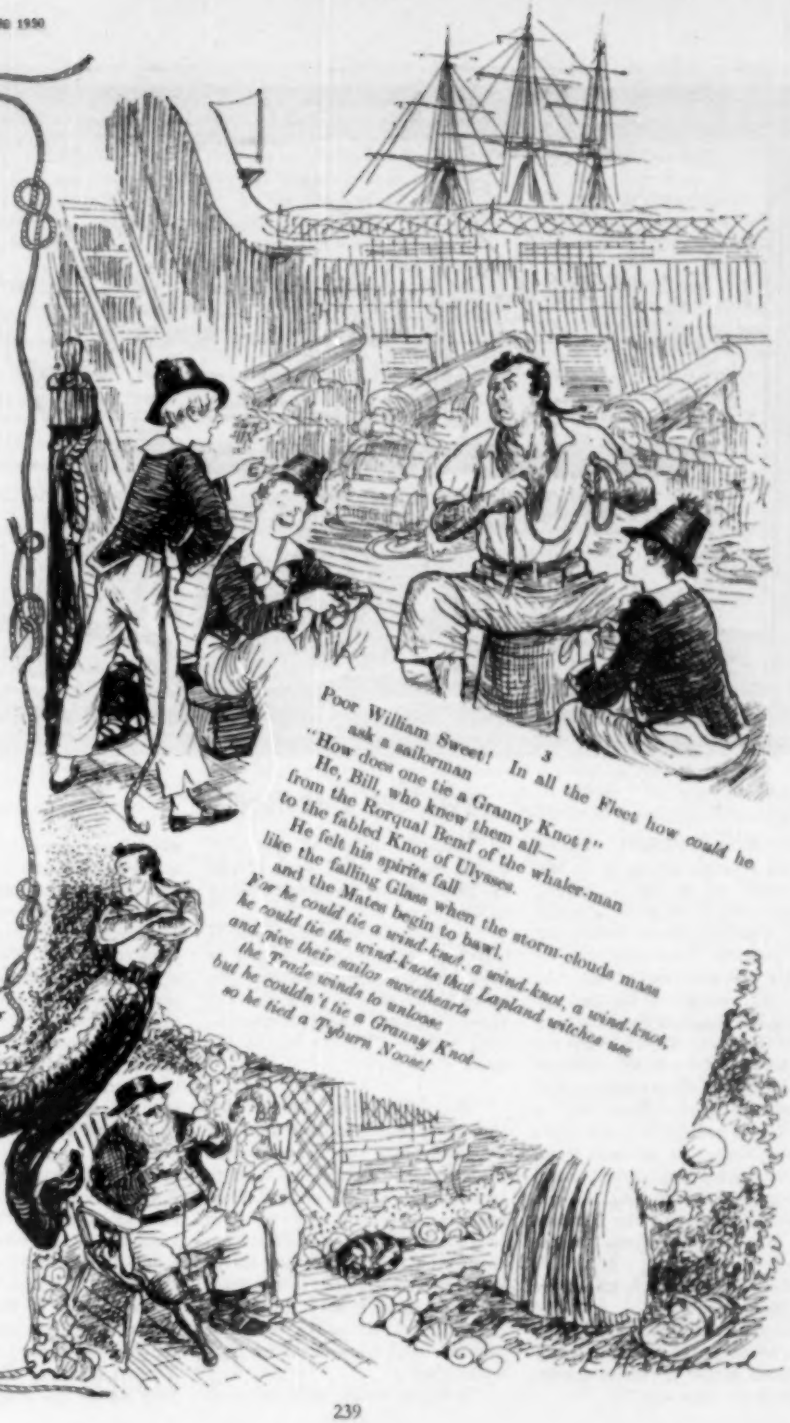
-hand at Knots and Ties

roud Knots,

Flemish Eyes,
Walkers, O!
pect

onely Speech)
entlemen
d Turn,
f,
tle's Eye,
Bend—
nfool Knot

*d splice, and bend*
*stout rope's end*
*ntlemen, he "larned 'em" to*



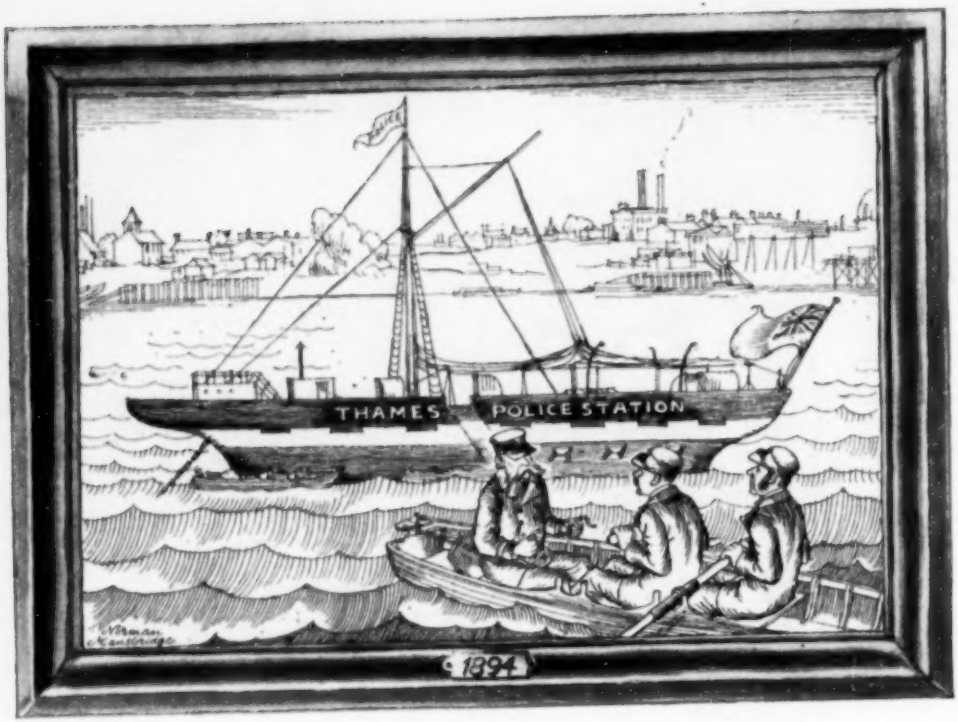
, but down he tumbled, O!
*Knot, that simple but un-*

*hornpipe with heel-and-toe!*
*n still, with his Black-eyed*

R. C. SCRIVEN

3

Poor William Sweet! In all the Fleet how could he
ask a sailorman
"How does one tie a Granny Knot?"
He, Bill, who knew them all—
from the Rorqual Bend of the whaler-man
to the fabled Knot of Ulysses.
He felt his spirits fall
like the falling Glass when the storm-clouds mass
and the Mates begin to bawl.
For he could tie a wind-knot, a wind-knot, a wind-knot,
he could tie the wind-knots that Lapland witches use
and give their sailor sweethearts
the Trade winds to unloose
but he couldn't tie a Granny Knot—
so he tied a Tyburn Noose!




## "THAMES DIVISION"

SNOUTS PETERSON worked with feverish intensity as the little boat, all its lights doused, slipped silently down river. The dim shapes of moored barges loomed out of the darkness, but Snouts, steering expertly with one hand as, with the other, he completed his task of binding Jim Docherty hand and foot, missed them all. Beyond were the rat-infested wharves of Shadwell and Limehouse, where every shadow concealed a sinister figure with a knife between either its teeth or its shoulder-blades. A moment more, and Jim, bound and helpless, would be dropped silently into the all-concealing waters of the Thames. Then a swift run down to the Estuary——

"Boss!" called a hoarse voice from the bows.

Snouts looked up. A powerful black launch was nosing its way between a couple of tugs and bearing down on them rapidly.

"Curse!" A cry of rage distorted Snouts's cruel lips. It was the River Police! There was nothing to do but run for it.

Too late; the beam of a powerful searchlight caught and held the little boat, and a powerful machine-gun raked it from stem to stern. "Ahoy, there!" a voice floated across the inky waters. "Heave ho, in the name of the Law!"

Most of us are as familiar with the River Police as we are with Broadway and the Texas prairie. Who amongst us has ever tried to run a cargo of brandy up to Maidenhead, or slip a corpse into the river at Limehouse Reach, without encountering them? Yet our knowledge, as a rule, is pretty superficial. So keen an adversary deserves a closer study. Let us see, before we plan our next coup, what we have against us.

It began, really, with the game watermen, the night plunderers, the scuffle hunters and long apron men, who by the late eighteenth century were preying so successfully on Thames shipping that annual losses came to half a million pounds or so a year. They, and the river pirates and the mudlarks and the light and heavy horsemen and the other delightfully-named river-pests, comprised, it was estimated, some eleven thousand out of the forty-odd thousand people working on the Thames; and in 1798 a lawyer named Patrick Colquhoun was entrusted by the West India merchants with the formation of a Marine Police Force to combat them. The force was immediately successful, and the scuffle hunters and the copemen and the game lightermen were soon mastered; and in 1839 the Marine Police were incorporated into the ten-year-old Metropolitan Police as Thames Division. Thames Division they are to this day; you may tell

them by the word "Thames" worn as a badge on the collar.

They began with a pronounced naval smack, the men of Thames Division, and a tendency to live in ships; but in 1894 the last ship-borne station, at Blackwall, moved ashore, and now the raft-borne Waterloo Pier is the only station left afloat.

The others are at Barnes, Wapping, Blackwall and Erith; from these five stations Thames Division patrol thirty-six miles of river, from Teddington to Dartford Creek—besides nosing up Dartford, Barking, Deptford and Bow Creeks as often as the tide permits. Patrols last for eight hours, with a three-quarter-hour break for refreshments. The usual practice is to run down river in midstream and

return up the banks, so ensuring that everything afloat gets its share of that penetrating scrutiny that has so often foiled us as we ran our cargoes of hashish or smuggled secret agents in and out for a Foreign Power.

Inexperienced river pirates tend to overestimate the forces against them. Their minds full of powerful black launches, and probably flavoured with a dash of Revenue cutters and light naval forces as well, they visualize a fleet of M.T.Bs. sweeping up and down the Thames like a cruiser squadron. Actually the standard patrol boat is quite a modest affair, the kind of thing you see on the Broads and write off as all right for week-ends, if it doesn't rain. They carry a crew of three—a sergeant (or inspector), a driver and a deck hand. There are larger boats, such as the fast launch in which Mr. Punch's representatives were whisked down from Wapping to Barking and back; but these are not used for routine patrols.

As for the staccato bark of a machine-gun, or the whistling of a shot across the bows, these are very rare visitors to the Thames. Patrols are unarmed; the normal equipment of a patrol boat contains nothing more deadly than a megaphone. There is a lifebuoy; and three buoyant cushions; and a resuscitator; and a stretcher; and a dead-body cover; and towing-lines; and a drag; and a pair of binoculars; and an Aldis lamp; and of course a powerful searchlight for catching and holding the craft of law-breakers. There is also a two-way radio-set.

The fact is—let's face it—that the River Police are really not much more likely to bump into a floating corpse with its throat cut from ear to ear than the shore police are to find the secret plans of the Uranium Jet in somebody's window-box. The river isn't what it was. In a recent year the men of Thames Division made only fifty arrests, which is a pretty mild record compared with most other divisions.

However, they did a good deal more. In that same year they rescued forty-seven people from drowning and secured a hundred and thirty-three barges that had been found adrift; they dealt with three hundred and seventy-four accidents and salvaged sixteen thousand, eight hundred feet of timber. They are empowered, under the Metropolitan Police Act, to board ships in the river; one not uncommon reason for their doing so is to intercept stowaways and ensure that they do not land, for a stowaway ashore is a charge on the nation, whereas a stowaway aboard can be kept aboard and the ship's owners made to take him away again.

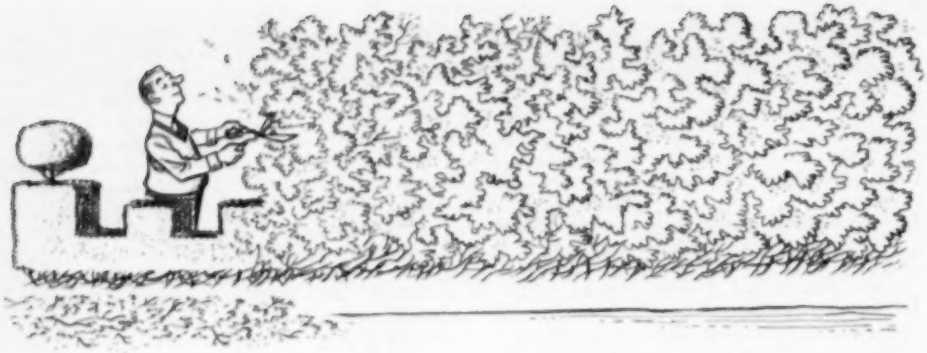
Another of the activities of Thames Division is dragging. When—you will remember—Snide Kromeski took the Baron for a ride, ditched the car at Twickenham, lost his gun over Hammersmith Bridge, and (being at heart an old-fashioned sort of chap) slid the body of his victim into the inky waters of Limehouse Reach he set the River Police such a simple little problem that he richly deserved his early arrest. Magnetic drags for the car, steel drags for the body, "creeps" for the gun, and the three-pronged grapnel at the end of the sixteen-foot pole drag to fetch the lot to the surface, and Snide was virtually behind the bars already. Thames Division, incidentally, are called in for dragging operations not only in their own area but throughout that of all the Metropolitan Police, and even beyond if asked.

But life in the River Police is not all, or even half, stowaways and steel drags. The adventurous recruit who has done his obligatory two years ashore before transferring to Thames Division may well find a policeman's life no more happy a one afloat; the river, we repeat, isn't what it was. As the launch bearing Mr. Punch's representatives cruised westwards past the entrance to Deptford Creek the inspector waved towards a huddle of buildings on the south bank. "Used to be really rough there," he said. "But all this new building and so on has cleared all these places up."

"Surely," we urged, clinging as gamely as a game waterman to our illusions, "there's always Limehouse?"

"Limehouse?" he said. "A lovely place, Limehouse."

[*Collapse of Mr. Punch's representative.*] B. A. YOUNG



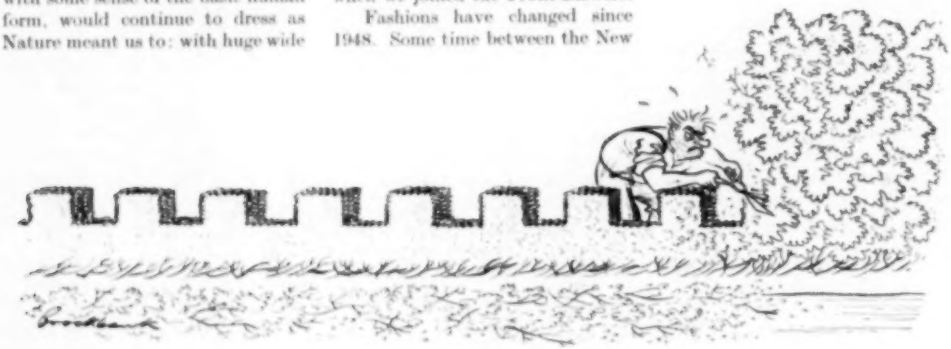
## THE MOULD OF FORM

WITH the launching of another season's fashions we women have been reading eagerly how other women will dress next autumn. Or is it next spring? Anyway it will be, before *we* get round to them, and by then there will be other newer fashions for us to read about. So it goes on. It works very well, except for the time-lag.

I should like to sum up in a concise outline, I mean silhouette, the fashions for late 1950; but only rarely, as when the New Look burst upon us, is such a task possible. That was a snip. It didn't take us three months to realize that something was in the air, and when six months later the something crystallized into narrow sloping shoulders and long full skirts we made one of our swift decisions. Let the rest of womankind go mad; we strong-minded rationalists, we with some sense of the basic human form, would continue to dress as Nature meant us to: with huge wide shoulders curving up at the outer ends to ear-level, and skirts just below our knees if we stood straight.

We took the extra cotton-wool out of our shoulders and we let our skirts down until the edges unravelled, and then in about May 1948—that gay time of year when two invitation-cards may be seen together on a mantelpiece—we couldn't bear it any longer. It wasn't that any of us had been converted to this New Look, we just yearned fiercely and obsessively to wear it; and you can take it from me that when we put on our new two-pieces and saw the folds flapping round us we said good-bye to all we had held sacred in dressmaking. But how we fancied ourselves! How we piled the flowers round our boaters! Men must have had the same experience when they first wore Oxford bags. We certainly did when we joined the Froth-Blowers.

Fashions have changed since 1948. Some time between the New Look and now they went back to the 'twenties. I can't remember quite when, but it would be about a year ago that we first saw a woman, as opposed to a photograph, wearing that extraordinary short stuck-down hair that was later to spread to people even we knew, if someone at the same party as you are counts as a person you know. With this hair women were supposed to wear short, tight, waistless dresses, dangling ear-rings and long cigarette-holders. We knew, because we kept reading it in the papers. We made another of our swift decisions; we shut our eyes and waited. Sooner or later this wave of insanity would break over us and we, too, should be deliriously jamming cloches over our eyes and ears and, if not actually dancing in knee-length beaded dresses, at least cutting eighteen



inches off our old black stand-by for next New Year's Eve.

The funny thing is that it never happened. I doubt if on the few occasions we have recently mixed with black ties and long dresses a single one of these dresses was short. It may be that up in the *haut monde* tube-like silhouettes have been darting hither and thither in pointed shoes with Louis heels, but down here all we have done is keep getting "Margie" on the wireless and go on turning up our skirt-hems. That's another funny thing. Ever since our New Look dresses began feeling queer round the ankles we have been steadily lopping them off until our only trouble now is their width; and yet the clothes we wore before May 1948 look shorter and sillier every time we try them on. But we're keeping them. Fashion may yet ordain skirts six inches above the knee, in which case we shall take pride in wearing ours the nice sensible length they are now. If I haven't said yet that we aren't sheep I say it here.

Well, I was going to tell you about the present, or rather future, fashions; but, as I implied, it isn't easy. Not only are photographs forbidden, so that we must rely on caveman drawings, but there are quite half a dozen leading designers that we could name almost off-hand, and their clothes all sound different. They even sound different in different papers. But, in the spirit that has made the crossword puzzle a force in the literary world, we like to take, say, Dior—simply because that is the designer we do take—and follow him through the morning and evening Press to see which reporters get most muddled.

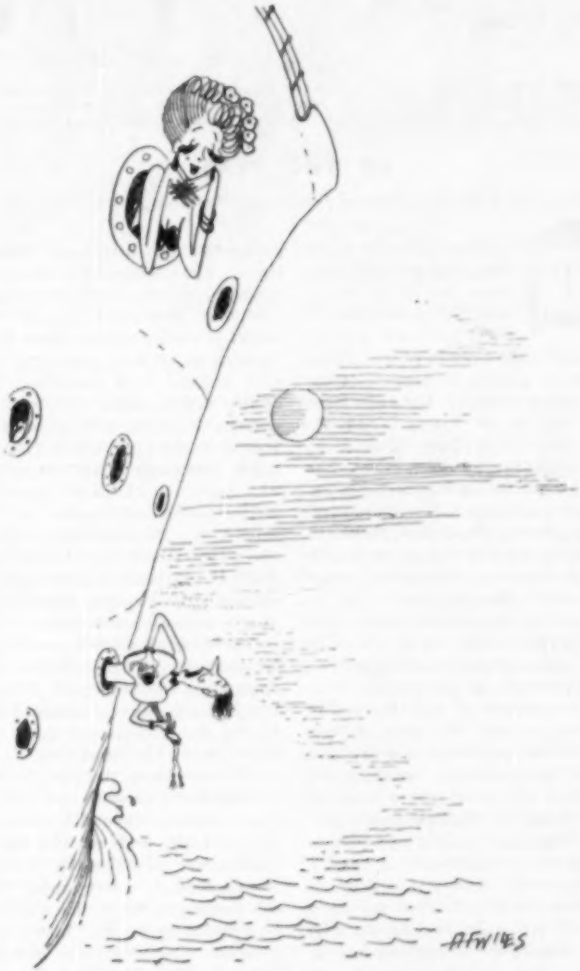
What we really get from our fashion-news at this early stage is a general idea of the horror of it all. We like to draw our husbands' attention from their *Timeses* by uttering low exclamations of disdain. If they look up, which is unlikely, we can tell them that fashions are about to be more ridiculous than ever; and if they say "Why?" which is more unlikely still, we can tell them that shirtwaist dresses are out, think of that! If, by some long chance, they put down their papers and say "And what *is* a shirtwaist dress?" we can answer "Why, it's what I always wear, it's what everybody wears, and, whatever other women do, *I* shall go on wearing them! I'm not a sheep!"

And if anything annoys us more than reading that we must all wear clothes of a particular shape and length it's being told by these newspapers that this season we are free to dress in the style that suits us. What's fashion *for*? ANDE

## THE CATHEDRAL

EIGHTEENTH CENTURY

THE sermon, timeless, ebbs and flows.
The minor canon's fast asleep.
The storied glass yet fainter glows.
The sermon, timeless, ebbs and flows
In rounded, rich, Augustan prose,
While down long aisles the shadows creep.
The sermon, timeless, ebbs and flows.
The minor canon's fast asleep.



[Sayonara

**Hon. Parade**

*Jack Seacombe*—Mr. Peter Madren; *Grahame*—Mr. Hector MacGregor
*Gunner Hobson*—Mr. Meadows White; *Sibley*—Mr. Daniel Wherry
*The Padre*—Mr. Cecil Winter; *Stephen Marston*—Mr. Denis O'Dea

## AT THE PLAY

*They Got What They Wanted* (Phœnix)—*Sayonara* (New Lindsey)

THERE is a moment in the Irish play at the Phœnix when Mr. Mark Daly, with the expression of a thinker of great thoughts, observes in effect "Three hundred pounds is finance. One-and-six is money." Here you have the core of Mr. Louis D'Alton's comedy. This Irish family, the Murnaghans way down South, has been living far too long on its charm where tradesmen look for hard cash. Then *Bartley Murnaghan*, thanks to a kindly wind of rumour, finds suddenly that he can become a financier on credit. He may not be able to jingle two sixpences, but he can juggle with hundreds of pounds in the golden mist of his imagination, and persuade people to follow him. The members of the *Murnaghan* family get what they want, and one person in particular, the luckless local "gombeen man," seems to lose another cheque whenever he opens his mouth in *Bartley's* presence.

When the play is in performance it gives the impression of being a much better comedy than it is. It is only afterwards that we know Mr. D'Alton and his players, with the help of the blarneying brogue, to have been as plausible as *Murnaghan*—and with little more behind them. The dialogue has an occasional shrewdness, and there is some boisterous cross-talk; but no one would put this unlikely piece with the treasure of Irish comedy of the best period. It is something, no doubt, that it jollies us into temporary submission, and one actor at least is in the high Abbey Theatre mood. He is Mr. Liam Redmond, who appears as a local profiteer, the mildly melancholy spider of his small town. Mr. Redmond, looking like a first sketch for "Monsewer" Eddie Gray, speaks in a miraculous, singing, sighing brogue, full of vocal whirls and curlicues, that would persuade me within five minutes to bargain away my soul. But he can do nothing whatever with *Bartley*, who is clearly bent on amassing the Murnaghan Millions and using the poor fellow as a foundation.

No one else in the cast has Mr. Redmond's command. Mr. Mark Daly, with a Paycock's strut, is always genial and can roll out a Shakespeare quotation, but I think *Bartley* needs something more than this fluent amiability. He ought to be a major figure; Mr. Daly's cat-in-cream charm is not enough. Similarly, Miss Christine Hayden could fill out the mother, who here fades into monotony. The performance that ranks most surely with Mr. Redmond's is the farmer of Mr. Joe Linnane, who proceeds in a series of small explosions like a car with back-firing hiccups. A reasonable evening; but when it is over there is no "fine bit of talk" to stay in the mind.

*Sayonara*, Mr. Ken Attiwill's record of a Japanese prison-camp, does stay in the mind. We have seen two or three camp plays; this is the first from the Far East. The author wrote it while he was imprisoned: it has a burning, smarting intensity that the cast is able to communicate in the nutshell New Lindsey theatre. Not that it is a well-constructed play: it is a piece of ribbon-building. What moves us is its quality as a document in suffering, a quality expressed especially well in the first and third acts by Mr. Peter Madren, Mr. Denis O'Dea and Mr. Cecil Winter.

**Recommended**

*Traveller's Joy* (Criterion, with Miss Yvonne Arnaud) is still a cheerful guide to foreign parts. *Home at Seven* (Wyndham's) is an exciting play about the ordinary man—acted sensitively by Sir Ralph Richardson—in extraordinary circumstances.

J. C. Trewin

[They Got What They Wanted

**Speculation**

*Bartley Murnaghan*—Mr. Mark Daly
*Owney Tubridy*—Mr. Liam Redmond

*"Stop fencing in schools? Gad, sir, a good duel never hurt anyone!"*

## A HUNDRED WICKETS

HE looked to be on the elderly side for cricket, with a moustache and bowler hat both somewhat outsize for his frail frame. The young fellows on the bus knew him, however, and greeted him as one of themselves.

"It's Old Tom," announced the one in the striped blazer. "'Evening, Tom. How are you?"

Old Tom settled himself into his seat with dignity and said he mustn't grumble. "A nice win Saturday," he remarked.

This brought agreement and a spate of lively reminiscence.

"How many did you get, Tom?" someone asked. "Four, was it?"

"Five," he answered with complacency.

"One of which was me," cut in a man in a pink cap darkly, and there was a general laugh.

"Old Tom's flat out for his hundred wickets," the first speaker explained. "How many is it now?"

"Ninety-nine," replied the dealer of devastation, and I looked at him with enhanced respect. We play a lot of cricket round our way, but few of us collect a hundred wickets in one season.

"Get 'em next week," he continued confidently. "Playing some local lot; get 'em easy."

It was my stop then, but as I left I heard some further chaff at Old Tom's prowess. Boundaries and sixes he appeared to specialize in when he wasn't sending batsmen back to the pavilion, and I marvelled afresh.

Our second eleven were at home to Upper Magton on the following Saturday—a new fixture, and our skipper won the toss.

Now when the better bats are not available I open for our second, and this was one of those days. Naturally I was nervous, and I paid scant attention to my surroundings as I took my guard. You know how it is in an important game; and there wasn't a lot of batting to come.

Presently a lanky youth let fly at me, and I saw at once that he was fastish, though inclined to bowl rather short of a length.

I always like to start my innings with a forward defensive stroke, just to get the feel of the ball on the bat, and this I did then. Unfortunately, as we haven't had any sight-screens since VJ night, I failed to notice that the ball was going to turn.

Of course I hit it; I flatter myself I'm not often completely beaten by such tosh. The only snag was that I hit it straight into the wicket-keeper's gloves, and there was not the slightest need for the undignified demonstration that followed. The M.C.C. rightly deprecates unanimous appeals, and I know when I'm out.

And when the umpire raised a finger to his outsize bowler I knew Old Tom had got his hundred wickets for the season. Got 'em easy.

*"Darling, I simply must go in and ask for a rise—do you think you could lend me your eyelashes?"*

## SHEPHERD SINGING

THE shepherd on the hills must go
  companion to the sky
and walk with these that none may know
  who live where valleys lie:
    wind and weather,
  the tress of shaken rain,
    the lark from heather
  that lifts into the blue,
    sun and shadow,
  the star-rise, the moon's wane,
    the snow's smooth meadow
  and dawn upon the dew.

One is he with human kind
  but sees them from afar;
and ways of love and womankind
  he knows for what they are:
    sun and shadow
  is the light of woman's smile,
    snow-smooth meadow
  her heart's false hold;
    lark from heather
  the voice that will beguile,
    wind and weather
  the love that's warm and cold.

The depth of day, the light of night,
  the bitter time or sweet,
the clouds in cloak of grey or white
  each with each complete:
    bright her eyes
  as summer's dawn on dew,
    clear star-rise
  her faith in fortune's wane,
    keen her ears
  for song that haunts the blue,
    soft her tears
  that heal like kiss of rain.

I walk with things that none may know
  who have no breadth of days,
and on the hill-tops I will go
  and give to these my praise:
    wind and weather,
  the tress of shaken rain,
    the lark from heather
  that lifts into the blue,
    sun and shadow,
  the star-rise, the moon's wane,
    the snow's smooth meadow
  and the dawn upon the dew.

ALUN LLEWELLYN

## DRESSING

NO regular customer at our restaurant ever asks for salad-dressing, because the bottle of the stuff that the proprietor bought three months ago in a rare mood of carefree extravagance has not yet been used up, and we know how it behaves. We have a bit of quiet fun, however, watching summer visitors struggling with it.

There was the man who tried it last Tuesday, for instance. A jovial-faced fellow with a Panama hat, khaki shorts, a green shirt and an admiring wife and three children.

His wife had asked the waitress for salad-dressing, and the waitress took the bottle from the shelf, dusted it carefully, put it on the table and withdrew.

The woman tried to unscrew the cap. It wouldn't turn.

The eldest boy then took it from her, saying that he would have it off in a jiffy. After several jiffies the youngest boy lent him a Boy Scout knife and he tried to prize it off with the help of the thing for getting nails out of horses' hooves.

It still wouldn't turn.

The middle boy, who had a scholarly expression and a scientific face with big glasses like most middle boys, said that the way to get a stiff cap off was to tap it gently in the middle with the handle of a fork.

The eldest boy, who was getting wild by this time, suggested testily that it would be better if the middle boy employed his time in instructing his grandmother in the delicate art of sucking eggs. Having thus properly crushed him he adopted his suggestion, and aimed a hard blow at the centre of the cap with the handle of a fork.

While he was attending to his wounds the father quietly grabbed the bottle. Clearly he supposed that his great hour had come. It may be said, indeed, that in the decadent state of family life in 1950 the right to outshine his wife and children in the removal of caps from sauce-bottles is almost the only patriarchal privilege left to the titular head of a family.

"*I* had better do it," he said quietly. No boasting. No jeering. Just a quiet assertion of superiority, for which he claimed no credit.

It took him five minutes to get it off, but he did it, and the heads of families among us felt, as we observed his triumph, that there was hope for Old England yet. The fact that he had broken a glass in waving the sauce-bottle about during his agony was a minor matter.

He handed the capless bottle to his wife, and she tried to shake a few drops of salad-dressing over her lettuce. Nothing emerged. Nothing within the memory of man had ever emerged from that bottle. The stuff, as we knew from bitter experience, was as solid as cement.

The woman gave up the attempt and handed the bottle to the eldest boy. He shook it over his lettuce until his arms ached, and then the middle boy took over and gave it several scientific whirls without result. The youngest boy tried to loosen the stuff with the long prong of his Boy Scout knife.

Then, with a masterful smile, the jovial man took over. Flushed with his success in removing the cap he gave the bottle the biggest shake of its career. The yellow liquid poured forth in a cascade, making his salmon salad look like Pompeii after the eruption.

"I like *plenty* of dressing," he said, game to the last.

D. H. BARBER

*"Yes, the tourist has certainly left his mark on Italy."*

# HOLIDAY AT HOME—POSTSCRIPT

MY mother wrote and said it was three days since I came back to London and she hadn't heard from me. Was I all right? Would I please write or ring immediately in case I was ill.

I rang that night.

"Thank goodness!" my mother said. "I wondered what on earth had happened to you. Are you all right?"

"Oh, yes," I said. "I had quite a good journey, but the train was late. The service was dislocated by the extra trains at Crewe."

"You dislocated WHAT at Crewe?" my mother cried.

"Nothing," I said. "The *service* was dislocated."

"WHAT?" my mother cried. "What does the doctor say?"

"Nothing——" I began.

"NOTHING?" shrieked my mother. "You must report him then. Report him at once and go to another one. Is it painful? Why did you do it at Crewe? Are you working? WHAT is it?"

"*Nothing*," I said. "There's nothing wrong with me."

"Why did you say there was then?" my mother asked. "You mustn't play jokes like that because they're not funny."

"I didn't."

"Then there's nothing wrong with you?"

"No."

"Oh. All right then. Listen!" my mother said.

"Yes?"

"Are you listening?"

"Yes."

"Can you hear me all right?"

"Yes."

"Well, then," my mother said. "Listen."

"Yes?"

"Did you leave your umbrella on the train?"

"No."

"Then it's a good thing I reminded you when you got on," my mother said. "And another thing. Do you know you left a pair of shoes behind?"

"Yes," I said. "I took them home on purpose to leave them there."

"Well, I didn't know," my mother said. "I've sent them on to you."

"I told you!"

"I didn't know you meant those," my mother said. "Now listen!"

"Yes?"

"Are you listening?"

"Yes."

"Listen, then. There's something I meant to ask you all the time you were home only what with one thing and another I forgot. I wanted to ask you if you had remembered to ask your landlady to air your sheets before you went back. Had you remembered?"

"Yes," I said.

"You hadn't," my mother said. "I knew you hadn't. Here's your father. Do you want to speak to him? Oh, he says he hasn't anything to say. . . . Well, I know she's only been back four days. *I've* got plenty to say. Listen!"

"Yes?"

"Are you listening?"

"Yes."

"Were your sandwiches all right?"

"Lovely," I said. "I like tomato."

"They were cheese," my mother said.

"Well, I like that better still," I said.

"Was it raining when you got back?" my mother asked.

"Yes."

"Did you get your mackintosh out of your case and put it on?" my mother asked.

"Yes."

"Well, you wouldn't," my mother said, "if I hadn't told you to. And another thing——"

"Yes?"

"You didn't say good-bye to Aunt Edna. I do think you might have called in just to say a few words. I met her in the butcher's this morning and she was most hurt. I really think I shall *have* to register somewhere else because I just don't believe he could have got rid of all his kidneys every time I ask. I shall never forget how upset Aunt Edna was during the war when you came home on your first leave and wouldn't go to see her in your uniform. She was simply wonderful when you were a baby and used to look after you when daddy and I went out together, not that we did much, and it wouldn't have hurt you just to pop in for a few minutes before you left."

"There go the pips," I said.

"All right. Don't forget to eat the oranges. Do you want me to send you anything? When are you coming home again? I'll write to you to-night. Look after yourself. Good-bye."

"We might as well go on now," I said. "We've gone past the pips."

"Oh," my mother said. "Well, I've nothing more to say."

"All right, then," I said. "Good-bye."

"Good-bye, then," my mother said.

*"For my next illusion I shall need the help of one of those inveterate exhibitionists whose sole desire in life appears to be that of aiding stage performers such as myself."*

# BOOKING OFFICE

## Diversity of Travellers

CHASING *an Ancient Greek* is an intriguing title, but it means no more than that Mr. Douglas Young, having embarked on a study of the poet Theognis, discovered that the necessary collation of manuscripts involved him in a journey over the better part of western Europe. The book that has resulted, however, is something quite other than an austere record of palæographical research: Theognis makes but intermittent appearances until, in a final chapter, his qualities are exemplified in some racy pieces of verse translation. The rest is a fine medley of impressions, contacts and opinions. Not much or very memorably concerned with "sights" as such, Mr. Young is sensitive alike to the abiding spirit of a place and to its contemporary mood, as is shown, for instance, in his nice discrimination between those of Hamburg, Berlin and Munich. For all his scholarship, in fact, and though he willingly diverges into the biography of a Renaissance humanist, or a critical comparison of Hoffmannsthal's "Jedermann" played at Salzburg with Sir David Lindsay's "Satyre of the Thrie Estaits" at Edinburgh, it is the contemporary which is his liveliest interest. A Scottish Home Ruler so uncompromising that he went to prison rather than allow the right of a merely British government to conscript him, he salutes the nationalist flag wherever unfurled, whether its colours be those of Frisia or South Tyrol. He reports, at rather disproportionate length, on the P.E.N. Congress at Venice not only for the opportunities it offers to his gift of pungent portraiture but as an element in "the rational development of a sense of European solidarity." Serious and satirical, argumentative and pleasantly arrogant, Mr. Young is a stimulating writer.

In *Foreign Parts* there is no such diversity of attack, though Mr. Douglas Goldring also on occasion takes his eye off the immediate object, usually to turn it, with little amenity, on his fellow-countrymen and their rulers. He went to France, a country long known and loved, to see how it was looking after ten years of absence. A meandering itinerary led him through Normandy down to Chartres, to Paris, Troyes, Dijon and Nancy. He found much to distress him in the way of war devastation but as much to encourage him in signs of recovery, and more in the persistence of the old congenial spirit. To record his personal reactions was not, however, the whole of his purpose: it is only in Paris, with its memories of Joyce and Ford Madox Ford, of the Dôme and the Closerie de Lilas as he used to know them, that he lets the subjective mood have its way with him and yields to a pardonable nostalgia. Elsewhere he is conscientiously descriptive and historical; but if he apes the guidebook-makers with success he transcends them triumphantly when confronted with what really moves or charms him. He gives much exact information about hotels and transport, food and prices; for it is his laudable ambition to be helpful to such as may follow in his footsteps.

Mrs. Olivia Manning's is a less critical spirit than Mr. Young's or Mr. Goldring's. She went to Ireland in search of the picturesque, and found it in full measure. Landing at Cork, she turned the corner at Bantry and, travelling mainly in buses, made her way right up the west coast to Donegal. This for her is *The Dreaming Shore*, and though a devotee of Yeats—her chapter on Sligo is headed "Yeats' Country"—she would be the last to agree that "romantic Ireland's dead and gone." She is familiar with the gods, the saints and the heroes and, while discreetly ignoring more recent controversies, can still be moved to a fine fury of indignation by the ancient woes of the Gael and England's villainy. But the enthusiasm with which she relates her adventures and encounters on the road is tempered by a salutary humour. She commands the phrase which brings a landscape vividly to the mind's eye, and has a delicate ear for the vernacular.

FRANCIS BICKLEY

## My Husband Mike

Miss Ruth McKenney's *Love Story* continues the reminiscent fantasia that began with "My Sister Eileen," one of the first in this flourishing literary tradition. At times it sprawls into the kind of newsy family chronicle that has been overdone lately; but then there is a sudden soaring into the brilliance and originality which make Miss McKenney that bit better than her rivals. She was historian of American

*"I don't mind how horrible it is as long as it's amusing."*

Labour Movements by choice and humorous journalist by necessity. She cheerfully explains that it was only penury that drove her to toss off the funny bits that brought her fame and fortune. She is entertaining and sometimes moving when she writes about domestic life in Connecticut, New York and Hollywood, and her descriptions of pre-war American Radicals and scientific educationalists are enjoyably tart. The repeated, and slightly shrill, defences of happy marriage as a way of life will perhaps be more striking to an American audience than to an English one.

R. G. G. P.

### Libretto

Having but a scanty allotment of Austrian currency the Berlin hero of *A Salzburg Comedy* decides to lodge in comfort on the German border and cross it daily to visit the Salzburg Festival of 1937. In Salzburg he discovers a beautiful chambermaid, employed, she tells him, in an Austrian castle let for the season to Americans. What she does not tell him—but Herr Erich Kästner is more communicative—is that the Count who owns the castle, an eccentric amateur dramatist, is running the place with his family, *incogniti*, in the hope of getting something novel in the way of plots. This inevitably happens when Dr. George Reutmeister, sleeping partner in a rich firm of zinc-bath makers, joins the company as Constanze's suitor. It is all *légère* farce, Italianate-German like its background, rather than the light comedy envisaged by the title. But it is dextrous and decorative, as are also Herr Walter Trier's enchanting Lovat-Fraser-ish illustrations.

H. P. E.

*"Well, it's your own silly fault—I told you there was no litter basket at Castle Road exit."*

### The World at Large

Mr. C. E. Carrington's spacious recital of the spreading of the peoples of our islands over all the world—*The British Overseas*—fills a cheerful great volume flowing over with maps and adventures. The writer is not mainly concerned with moralizing on that amazing series of episodes that he now considers faithfully completed, but he does distinguish five principal means to expansion—settlement, trade, finance, conquest and ideas—finding the first and last the best and most enduring. He has special associations with New Zealand, still feeling, for instance, that the crafty old chief Rauparàha was far too leniently treated, but he fairly covers the earth along with Drake and Cook and Bligh and Raffles and Mackenzie and unknown thousands like them, and mostly he is just enjoying the fresh breeze and the elbow-room and the sense of fun that come, at least in retrospect, with the taking of risks in a world that is still huge and full of surprises.

C. C. P.

### Evolution of an Octopus

One must bring something more than amateur equipment to do justice to Mr. George Dugdale's *Whitehall Through the Centuries*. When the great Cardinal fell in 1529 Henry VIII took over his York Place palace and renamed it "Whitehall." The Stuarts made more of it than the Tudors, building intelligently and energetically. William III preferred Kensington, and it was in 1698, during the absence of the court, that a Dutch laundrymaid caused the great fire which destroyed all but the Banqueting Hall. It was this drastic clearance of the site which led—to put the matter much too shortly—to the gradual accretions of "offices" to meet increasing complexities of administration, with a result which is plain for all to see. Eighty-odd relevant drawings and plans, reference notes, date-list, brief personalia, bibliography, excellent index—all the marks of a scholarly book are here . . . But the reader must do some strenuous digging.

J. P. T.

#### Books Reviewed Above

*Chasing an Ancient Greek*. Douglas Young. (Hollis and Carter, 12/6)

*Foreign Parts*. Douglas Goldring. (Macdonald, 12/6)

*The Dreaming Shore*. Olivia Manning. (Evans Brothers, 15/-)

*Love Story*. Ruth McKenney. (Rupert Hart-Davis, 12/6)

*A Salzburg Comedy*. Erich Kästner; translated from the German by Cyrus Brooks. (George Weidenfeld and Nicolson 7/6)

*The British Overseas*. C. E. Carrington. (Cambridge University Press, 42/-)

*Whitehall Through the Centuries*. George Dugdale. (Phœnix Press 18/-)

#### Other Recommended Books

*Deadly Miss Ashley*. Stephen Ransome. (Gollancz, 9/-) Very readable American whodunit with an unobtrusive plot and much fun on the way.

*After Many a Summer*. Aldous Huxley. *Mrs. Dalloway*. Virginia Woolf. (Chatto and Windus, 5/- each) The first two volumes of the New Phœnix Library, a series of handsome pocket editions that takes the place of the publishers' admirable pre-war series.

## SHARES ALL ROUND

THE woman looked up from the paper, indignant. "Well, what do you think of that?" she inquired.

The man asked what.

"Some grocer fined ten pounds for giving a woman her rations free."

The man refused to believe it. "Nonsense."

The woman invited him to look.

The man looked. "What he was fined for," he explained, "was keeping some of her books for his other customers. That was what he let her have free rations on the other ones for."

"They're her books, though," the woman protested. "It's nothing to do with them if she chooses to leave some of them in the shop."

"It must be, or they wouldn't have fined her."

"You mean they fined *her*, as well as *him*? I think it's a shame. If you ask me, rationing's just become a farce. It's making people buy more than they want."

The man gave it up. "How can it make them buy more than they want?"

"They don't see why they should give anything up that they feel they're entitled to, that's all." She held up a modern instance by the ears for his inspection. "There's that quarter of tea I gave your mother yesterday. She brought me over a pound of sugar."

The man recollected the transaction. "I saw."

The woman hastened to cover herself. "Well, that's all right, so long as no money passes."

The man admitted to entertaining some doubts.

The woman stripped the problem to its essentials. "Well, if you've bought a thing it's yours. You'll admit that?"

The man did not attempt to deny it.

"Well, I was giving her tea in the tea she was drinking. So if I give her a bit extra in a packet there can't be anything wrong in that, can there?"

The man accepted, under protest.

"What I'm trying to get at," the woman pursued, "is there wasn't any need for me to buy that tea in the first place, was there?"

"Not if you were going to give it to my mother."

"We don't drink a lot of tea, as you know."

The man shrugged his shoulders, content that tea should pass him by.

"But on the other hand, with the children and everything, we can always do with a bit of extra sugar." She rounded off the argument. "Well, why can't they let your mother buy extra tea, and in exchange I could have a bit more sugar?"

"It sounds neat," the man condemned with faint praise.

"What I think is so silly is that, because of this rationing, we should both of us have to use our own books to buy something we don't want, to give it to the other." She widened the application of the principle. "Things would balance out the same all round. People's tastes are different. Look at marge. I consider that the rationing system has completely broken down on marge."

"You do?"

"Yes, I do. There's six pounds of marge out in the refrigerator now."

"I know. I wondered what you were collecting it for."

"I'm not collecting it. It just accumulates. I go round for the rations, and they're all weighed up ready, with the bill made out and everything, so I take them." She

*"Now that was the worst season for weather I ever remember."*

reflected on her motives. "So as not to cause any trouble more than anything, I suppose."

The man abstained from criticism. "That sounds reasonable enough."

"With the extra butter we get now we could do without the marge. But it's not the same as tea. No one seems to want to take it."

The man acknowledged the difference between the two commodities. "I can imagine."

"So it goes on piling up out there, and in the end, if something isn't done, it looks as if we'll just need another refrigerator."

The man agreed reluctantly that that seemed to be the logical conclusion.

"While all the time there's practically a new civilization being built up in East Africa from scratch, because the Government won't accept the risk that some day we might come to go short of it."

The man let that be as it might, and contented himself with pointing the immediate moral. "Well, anyway, what you mustn't do is sell this surplus marge to anyone. That's where the woman at the grocer's put herself in the wrong."

The woman congratulated herself on her immunity from hazard. "Well, if I can't even manage to *give* it away . . .

## CAFÉ À L'ÉTRANGER

BEYOND the double curtain of tobacco smoke and babel,
Very calm and silent at a table by the wall,
She sits among the students, the lovelocks and the uniforms,
The foreign kind of youth that is the youngest youth of all.

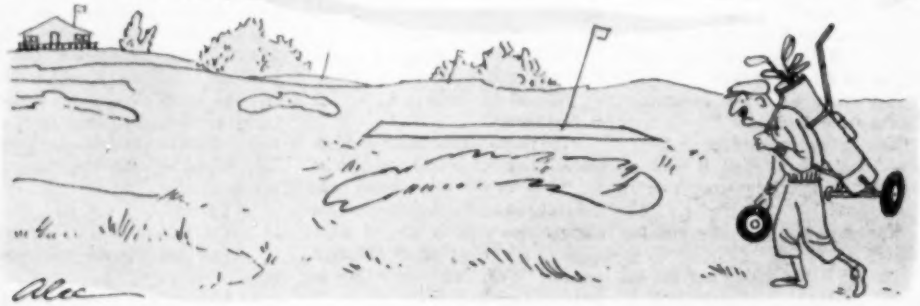
Leaning on the table-top, leisurely in movement,
She, the paragon, the perfect, the adored,
Draws on her cigarette and gazes at the company,
Gracious and sorrowful and slightly bored:

All alone she sits among the milling crowd around her,
And I, too, am all alone in a foreign land;
There's nothing I can do that might not offend her,
And nothing I can say to her that she would understand.

If I could talk the language I'd go to her and say to her
That she is more beautiful than Sheba's queen,
That her mouth is a miracle, her cheeks enchantment,
And her smile the sweetest the century has seen:

That the uncouth males of her kith and kindred
Are unworthy of the sighing of the sweetness of her breath;
That I have the roc's egg, nectar and ambrosia,
The fruit of the Hesperides and keys of life and death.

Deep-drowned in melancholy, nerveless but exalted,
I buy another bottle as a solace for despair:
I chaffer with the waiter in shame and pidgin-English:
And lift my eyes to look at her; and find she is not there.



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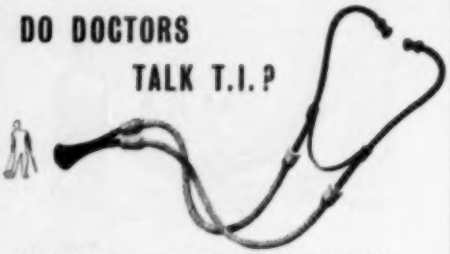

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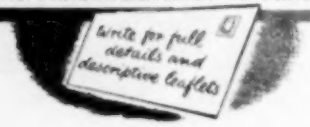




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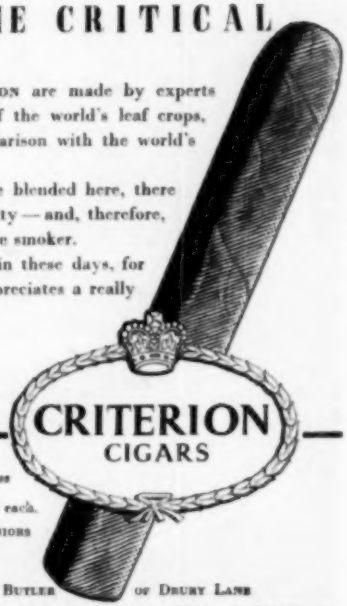


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The simplest and best cocktail is 2/3 Gin and 1/3 Lillet (with just a dash of Orange Bitters or a squeeze of lemon peel). It is indeed le meilleur aperitif de la France.

*TWISS & BROWNINGS & HALLOWES LTD., 3 Lawrence Pountney Hill, London, E.C.4.*

*Questions asked about Life Assurance: 1*

# Can Life Assurance help me to save?

Ask any family man in the middle income-groups how much he puts by each year, and notice his wry smile. For people like him Life Assurance is the answer. Premiums regularly paid — perhaps by banker's order — enable a man to save steadily, purposefully. Endowment, Whole Life, Educational, House Purchase — there are policies to meet all sorts of needs, especially the great general need for family protection.

**An Endowment Policy** combines protection with saving — that was Group Captain A's reason for choosing this form of assurance in 1938. He survived the war but died this year, having paid £476.10s.8d. in premiums. His estate received £1,000.

**Army Officer—and Father:** L.C., a captain in the Royal Army Dental Corps, effected an Educational Endowment Assurance soon after the birth of his son. The premiums paid amounted in all to £200.16s. This policy has now matured and Captain C will receive six annual payments of £75 each.

**Safeguarding the Home:** Mr. B.D. is a commercial traveller. He and his wife had a House Purchase policy for £1,170 which has just matured. The B.D.'s have enjoyed many years free from anxiety and now they own their own home. The premiums amounted to £948.

In cases like these (real cases — only the initials have been changed) the amounts of the policies are fixed and guaranteed from the beginning. By paying a rather higher premium for a policy which entitles you to bonuses, you can share in the profits of your Life Assurance Office, and rest easy in the knowledge that your policy is constantly increasing in value. Your Assurance Office will always advise you.

## LIFE ASSURANCE

**the way to save and to safeguard**

ISSUED BY THE LIFE OFFICES' ASSOCIATION, LONDON

RALEIGH INDUSTRIES LIMITED, NOTTINGHAM

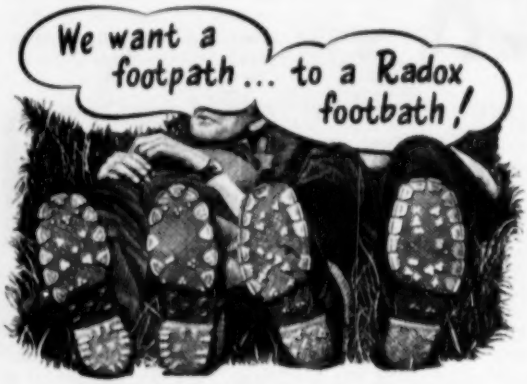
*Makers of*

***The Greatest Names in Cycling***

**Embracing the most advanced and complete specifications. Produced and built in the world's largest and most modern cycle plant.**

*Ask your Dealer for Catalogues and Gradual Payment Terms.*

**FITTED WITH STURMEY-ARCHER 3- OR 4-SPEED GEAR**




Off with those heavy dust-caked boots! Off with those thick, soggy socks and into a Radox footbath with your weary feet! Relief! Radox charges the water with tiny, brisk oxygen bubbles. Weary feet become cheery feet. Pep comes back into your step!

**RADOX**

**Gives your feet a treat**

***From all chemists—packets, 2/6 or 4/6; Pine 1/10½ or 3/2 (inc. tax)***

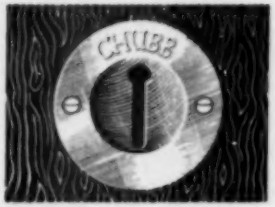
***"Will you have an aspirin? ...I mean a Disprin"***

The very good reason for preferring 'Disprin' is that Disprin is substantially neutral and soluble; and so is not likely to cause heartburn, dyspepsia or other symptoms of gastric irritation. Extensive clinical use in leading hospitals and by many doctors, has shown that these two properties give Disprin very marked therapeutic advantages.

**DISPRIN** is recommended for all those conditions in which, hitherto, aspirin would have been taken.

*From all chemists. Bottle of 26 tablets 2/-. And in neat, flat pack for pocket or handbag. 8 tablets 9d.*

RECKITT & COLMAN LTD., HULL AND LONDON (PHARMACEUTICAL DEPT. HULL)




# Front door fortress

YOUR first line of defence against burglars is the lock marked CHUBB on the front door. Opposing false keys, picks, mica and indeed force, it gives the protection you'd expect from a firm that's been safeguarding other people's property for more than 130 years.

**Are your locks as safe as this?**

Better fit a Chubb at once. Get your Ironmonger to show you the full range of CHUBB burglar-baffling locks, priced from 39/6d., or write to us today.

Fit **CHUBB** locks

MAKERS TO THE BANK OF ENGLAND

CHUBB & SON'S LOCK AND SAFE CO. LTD.
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# Darlington Thermal Insulation

In distillation or chemical processing, temperature fluctuation through pipe lines or towers can be minimised by fitting Darlington 85% Magnesia or Dextramite coverings. The micro-porous structure of these materials provides highly efficient heat insulation at temperatures up to 2,000°F. Resident representatives are available in the major industrial areas throughout Great Britain and overseas for planning and installation of complete schemes for all industrial or marine purposes.

*Manufacturers:*
THE CHEMICAL & INSULATING CO. LTD.
DARLINGTON
*Insulation Contractors:*
THE DARLINGTON INSULATION CO. LTD.
NEWCASTLE UPON TYNE
*Sheet Metal Fabricators:*
S. T. TAYLOR & SONS LTD., TEAM VALLEY, GATESHEAD

# 5 seconds...

**to get your lavatory deep-cleaned**

THE DAILY STAY-BRIGHT WAY

5 seconds is all the time it takes you to get your lavatory cleaner, safer, than ever before. No hard scrubbing is needed—just sprinkle Harpic in lavatory pans and leave it to do all the work. It does what no brush could do—reaches right round the S-bend. Remember, Harpic is the product that cleans, deodorizes and disinfects all at once. It's no wonder that 5 out of 10 homes use it.

Buy a tin of Harpic at your nearest shop today—and be sure of a shining, clean, sanitary lavatory.

**NOW! PERFUMED AND NON-PERFUMED**

Two kinds of Harpic are now in the shops—the familiar kind and a new one with an added fresh fragrance.

**HARPIC** *THE HALLMARK OF HYGIENE IN 5 OUT OF 10 HOMES*

Reckitt & Sons, Hull and London

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STEEL CONSTRUCTION · WOODWORKING · WIRE NETTING · FENCING · REFRIGERATORS

NORWICH · LONDON · BIRMINGHAM

Have you flown on the

**EPICUREAN AIR RESTAURANT?**

**Best champagne luncheon between London & Paris**
*No extra charge*

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The 4-Engine Service

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IT'S WONDERFUL WHAT CAN BE DONE—

BY ONE MAN—

WITH A "TORNADO"!

*World's fastest "One Man" Power Saw*

*Brochure on request. Enquire also for details of Denarm "Two-man" Saws.*

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Abford House, Wilton Rd., London, S.W.1
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invest safely in

**BRICKS and MORTAR**

and get **2½%** society pays the tax

This is equal to £4 11 0 gross
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● *Write for full particulars:*

**GRAYS BUILDING SOCIETY**
(Estd. 1880)
22, NEW ROAD, GRAYS, ESSEX

*Branch Offices: 31, LINTON ROAD, BARKING, ESSEX, and 4, WHEELER GATE, NOTTINGHAM (Mr. C. O DAY)*
*Assets: £3,000,000. Reserves: £63,000.*

**HE KNOWS**

**SMITHS ALARMS**

**RULE THE ROOST**

Successful people in every walk of life have cause to thank British hand-wound Smiths Alarms, those *masterpieces* of reliability, style and value. Sold by Smiths recognised Stockists everywhere. Guaranteed for twelve months.

**NEW DAWN** *Luminous* **25/9** incl. P.T.
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★ *If you are on A.C. Mains do not fail to see the Smiths "Sectric" Autocal, the World's finest Alarm which 'never forgets to reset itself'*

SMITHS ENGLISH CLOCKS LTD., The Clock & Watch Division of S. Smith & Sons (England) Ltd

**My Digestion Is As Good As Ever**

Worcestershire

*Dear Sirs,*

*Just a line thanking you for your Macleans Stomach Powder. I had stomach pains for three months . . . and dieted myself without any relief . . . Not knowing what to do I thought—well, I'll try Macleans Powder . . .*

*Now, a month later, my digestion is as good as ever, with just a dose of Macleans every night. (Signed) MR. C.*

**WITH JUST A DOSE OF MACLEANS AT NIGHT**

Countless thousands rely on Maclean Brand Stomach Powder for relieving Indigestion, and so can you. Keep a bottle always handy. Price 1/8, 2/10 and 6/8.

*Only Genuine if Signed "ALEX. C. MACLEAN"*

*Also obtainable in Tablet form, Maclean Brand Stomach Tablets 1½d., 1/4 and 2/10.*

MACLEAN Brand Stomach Powder

MEN who smoke Murray's Mellow Mixture wouldn't give it up for love or money. It's a grand tobacco of medium strength—the strength most men prefer. It's cool and fragrant, with a flavour all its own. Burns slowly and evenly, and therefore lasts longer. That is important these days!

**MURRAY'S MELLOW MIXTURE**
**4/1½d. an ounce**

MURRAY, SONS AND CO. LTD., BELFAST, NORTHERN IRELAND *where good tobaccos have been skilfully blended for over 130 years*

**BETTER GOLF | BETTER TENNIS**

Better play is assured if you fit Balmforth's Tacky Leather Grips. They provide grip control and never allow the club or racket to slip or twist in the hand when making a stroke. Used by top grade players throughout the world, and fitted as standard to the best brands of golf clubs and tennis rackets.

**BALMFORTHS TACKY LEATHER GRIPS**

E. B. BALMFORTH LTD., LEEDS 7

A sweet pipe. A comfortable pipe. Well-made and well-balanced. A Barling — the pipe that gives perfect pleasure from the first fill. Take care of your Barling Pipe — supplies are still limited.

*Barling*
LONDON 1812

*Manufactured in London since 1812 by*
**B. BARLING & SONS**
*"Makers of the world's finest pipes"*

*From the beginning of the day until the end of it—and for year after year—Pel Tubular Steel Furniture creates the right first impression and a lasting good impression.*

**PEL**
**TUBULAR STEEL**
**FURNITURE**

*Pel designs include a wide range of chairs, tables, stools and other general furniture for use in offices and hotels. The model illustrated is BS.5. Write for full particulars.*

MADE BY PEL LTD · OLDBURY · BIRMINGHAM · A TI COMPANY

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FATHERS OF FORTUNE No. 8

GAINSBOROUGH had a brilliant career at Stud. He was champion stallion of 1932 and 1933, and sired the winners of 474 races to a total value of £340,144!

GAINSBOROUGH
1915
SOLARIO 1932 · SINGAPORE 1927 · GRYSELL 1929 · HYPERION 1930
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Superlative performance over many years is needed to make good the reputation of a sire of winning bloodstock. The House of Cope, by the same test over a period of 55 years, has proved its mettle and its reputation beyond question. Cope's latest illustrated brochure fully describes their service. Write in for your free copy NOW!



MIDDAY SUN, winner 1927 Derby, third in St. Leger.

SOLARIO winner St. Leger, 1925, Coronation Cup, Ascot Gold Cup. A superb stallion.

GRYSELL—record winner of stake money (£18,613) as two-year-old. Won 2,000 Gns. '32.

*You can depend on* COPE'S

DAVID COPE LTD. Ludgate Circus, London, E.C.4.

*Fine Wines from South Africa*

**VELDT BURGUNDY**
a soft, well-rounded wine

**PAARL AMBER HOCK**
clean, fresh and fragrant

8/- a bottle

*-for gracious living*

SHIPPED BY
**BURGOYNE'S**

# *Talking at high pressure reminds me of*

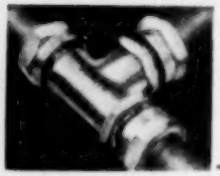
# ERMETO

## *self-sealing* SAFETY COUPLINGS

**for Gas, Oil and Water pipe lines**

Of course if high pressures — up to 20,000 p.s.i. — are your problem you will use Ermeto pipe couplings. In any case the saving they achieve in labour cost is really quite considerable.

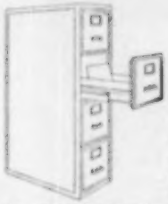
Ermeto couplings are available in straight or multiple form for steel, copper, brass and aluminium tubes. We shall be glad to send on request further information together with details of Ermeto high-pressure valves, etc.



**BRITISH ERMETO CORPN LTD**
MAIDENHEAD BERKS

**The lock on your door won't keep away fire—**

**one moment's carelessness and confidential documents can be utterly destroyed**



*The Chatwood Fireproof Vertical Filing Cabinet is designed to fit harmoniously into executive offices.*

Ask any Solicitor with valuable papers to care for. He keeps his own and his clients' documents handy — but he doesn't take risks. A fireproof filing cabinet in his office not only provides security from prying eyes but what is even more important — complete safety from fire and fall. Why not write for details of the Chatwood Fireproof Vertical Filing Cabinet?

# CHATWOOD

*For protection against fire and thief*

THE CHATWOOD SAFE & ENGINEERING COMPANY LTD. SHREWSBURY

**Chaque fois que mon oncle**
EACH TIME THAT MY UNCLE
**traverse La Manche à la**
CROSSES THE CHANNEL AT THE
**nage, il se hâte de boire un**
SWIM, HE HASTENS TO DRINK A
**Dubonnet. (Mon oncle nage**
DUBONNET. (MY UNCLE SWIMS
**comme un poisson.)**
LIKE A FISH.)

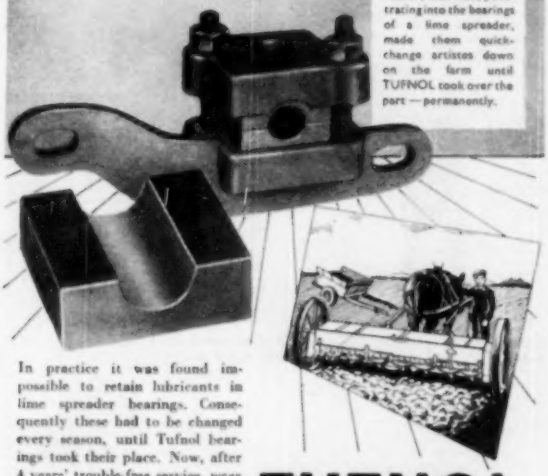
After your swim you must have something to buck you up. You'll find that a glass of Dubonnet will have you warm and glowing in less than no time. If you prefer to do your bathing in the sun, a glass of iced Dubonnet — with or without gin — will keep you cool and collected on the hottest day. Dubonnet is stocked at all good bars and stores.

**DUBONNET** *does not affect the liver*

SOLE DISTRIBUTORS: L. ROSE & CO. LTD., ST. ALBANS, HERTS

# In the limelight

No, sir, not the principal boy . . . but the principle, rather, that lime, penetrating into the bearings of a lime spreader, made them quick-change artistes down on the farm until TUFNOL took over the part — permanently.



In practice it was found impossible to retain lubricants in lime spreader bearings. Consequently these had to be changed every season, until Tufnol bearings took their place. Now, after 4 years' trouble-free service, wear is negligible. Practically every industry has discovered the value of Tufnol — not only as a non-metallic bearing material, but for thousands of other uses. Can Tufnol improve your products or plant?

# TUFNOL

REGISTERED TRADE MARK

An ELLISON Product

Easy to machine . . . Light in weight . . . Acid resisting . . . Electrical insulator . . . Made in sheets, tubes, and rods.

**TUFNOL LTD · PERRY BARR · BIRMINGHAM · 22B**

210A

# IMPERIAL LEATHER

HAND-FINISHED

*Toilet Soaps*

All who are sensitive to the finer shades of quality delight in Cussons hand finished Imperial Leather Toilet Soaps.

CUSSONS SONS & CO. LTD, 14 BROOK ST, GROSVENOR SQ, LONDON W.1

*"What's your Handicap?"*

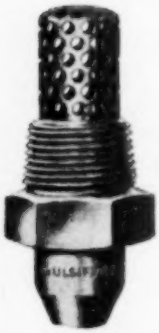
*. . . . that perhaps, is none of our business. If, however, you are handicapped for want of springs or pressings — that is very much our business.*

**THE TEMPERED SPRING CO. LTD**

ATTERCLIFFE ROAD · SHEFFIELD 4

*For Springs & Pressings.*

# Facts about Oil Fires



Most of us are apt to think of oil-fires as being almost invincible, that to attack the fire with water is the worst thing we can do.

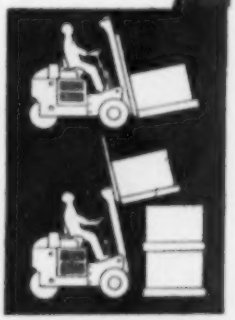
Yet it is nearly 20 years since Mather & Platt Ltd. marketed the Mulsifyre System, a system whereby the burning oil is bombarded with finely broken streams of water, forming an oil-in-water emulsion that will not burn. Extinguishment is complete in a few seconds.

Today "Mulsifyre" stands guard in Power Stations and Paint factories all over the world.

# Mulsifyre

IS THE SCIENTIFIC METHOD OF EXTINGUISHING OIL & PAINT FIRES

MATHER & PLATT LTD MANCHESTER, 10



**THERE YOU HAVE IT**—the conclusion reached by a specialist team from Britain after touring the factories of the United States.

**AND YOU HAVE IT HERE**—made in Britain, the Coventry Climax fork truck—ready, now, to take over a hundred-and-one jobs of handling all along the production-distribution line. It lifts, carries, stacks and loads almost anything, up to 6,000 lbs. at a time. It is a whole handling system in one.

# COVENTRY CLIMAX *fork trucks*

For details of the Coventry Climax Models best suited to your needs, write to DEPT. 13, COVENTRY CLIMAX ENGINES LIMITED, WIDDRINGTON ROAD WORKS, COVENTRY

# Lucozade

## *The sparkling* GLUCOSE *drink*

To help regain strength lost in fighting illness or infection—you would give LUCOZADE. To tempt an unwilling appetite—there is nothing better than LUCOZADE. And if you, yourself, are feeling just a little short of energy, somewhat tired, take a glass of LUCOZADE! There are moments when we all need this sparkling glucose drink.

In LUCOZADE there is help for the sick, the exhausted and the convalescent. To the jaded appetite — the refreshing sparkle of LUCOZADE is irresistible. Parents are deeply impressed by the way children take to LUCOZADE—willingly, eagerly, when other foods may have been refused. To help in building up children's vitality — give them this exciting, refreshing drink. And then watch them lift up their little faces for more. Once tasted, LUCOZADE is never refused.

## *Invaluable in sickness and in health*

LUCOZADE needs no digesting. It presents no problem to the most delicate of stomachs. It is a form of energy which is assimilated immediately. So widely recognised are these virtues that LUCOZADE is used extensively in CLINICS, HOSPITALS, NURSING HOMES and SCHOOL SANATORIA. See your chemist today about a supply of LUCOZADE.

**From Chemists**

**2/6 a bottle**

**Plus bottle deposit 3d. (returnable)**

# Lucozade

*is so energising and palatable*

LUCOZADE LIMITED, GREAT WEST ROAD, BRENTFORD, MIDDLESEX.

*royds 24/L*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